

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

### THE HOLY LAND.

*Letters from Palestine, descriptive of a Tour through Galilee and Judæa, with some account of the Dead Sea, and of Jerusalem.* Lond. 1819. 8vo. pp. 251.

This is an unassuming publication, written with ease,....we might almost say, without proper care; and seeming to have barely merit enough to entitle it to be promoted from the ranks of private correspondence to general notice. The letters are such as an intelligent gentleman on his travels would write to his friends at home: they relate to a country in an eminent degree interesting; but we do not find that they superabound in facts not already familiar to us through the accounts of preceding tourists. We shall, however, endeavour to make out an abridgement of what the volume presents, most likely to be new to the majority of our readers.

The author set out from Tripoli on the 1st of August, 1817, and went along the shore towards Sidon, now a wretched place called Saida. In ten hours from thence he reached Tyre, and so proceeded to Acre. In this part of his journey he mentions the number of memorials of our famed St. George, which exist in this quarter of the world. Not far from the boundary of Tripoli, he says,

An hour's gentle riding from this place brought us to another river, the name of which our guides were totally unacquainted with, nor could I find it noticed in any of the ancient charts. It is stated to have been the scene of the famous combat between that mirror of chivalry, St. George, and the redoubtable dragon: the personal achievements of this right reverend champion are equally appreciated by all ranks, sects, and conditions, and the defeat of his antagonist has been commemorated by the united efforts of sculpture and painting in almost every Christian edifice, which we have visited in Syria.

The notice of Tyre is also worth quoting.

Of this once powerful mistress of the ocean there now exist scarcely any traces. Some miserable cabins, ranged in irregular lines, dignified with the name of streets, and a few buildings of a rather better description occupied by the officers of government, compose nearly the whole of the town. It still

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makes, indeed, some languishing efforts at commerce, and contrives to export annually to Alexandria cargoes of silk and tobacco, but the amount merits no consideration. "The noble dust of Alexander traced by the imagination till found stopping a beer barrel," would scarcely afford a stronger contrast of grandeur and debasement, than Tyre at the period of its being besieged by that conqueror, and the modern town of Tsour, erected on its ashes.

The small shell fish, which formerly supplied a tint to adorn the robe of kings and magistrates, has either totally disappeared, or from the facility of procuring a dye by another process, become an object of comparatively little value. I have observed in several places on the Asiatic coast of the Mediterranean, something resembling a muscle, which on being pressed, discharged a pink fluid; but the colour was not of that brilliant hue which is described as peculiar to the shell-fish on the coast near Tyre: the liquor in these was contained in a small white vein placed near the centre of the jaw. The colour of the fluid was not universally red; on the African coast it was of a dark violet, and hence possibly arose the indiscriminate application of the term *purple*.

From Acre the author made an excursion to Nazareth, and visited in turn a number of the places most celebrated in sacred history, and in the human life of our Redeemer.

The city of Nazareth consists in a collection of small houses, built of white stone, and scattered in irregular clusters towards the foot of a hill, which rises in a circular sweep so as almost to encompass it. The population is chiefly Christian, and amounts to 12 or 1400: this is indeed rather a vague estimate, but the friar from whom I received it had no accurate means of ascertaining the exact number. The convent in which we are lodged is a spacious well-built edifice, and capable of affording excellent accommodations for a numerous society; at present however it has not more than eight tenants. The church consecrated to the service of these religious is preserved with extraordinary neatness; but it has no architectural embellishments, and the painting and tapestry which clothe the walls are such as bespeak a great want of proficiency in the arts. The building comprises within its extent the ancient dwelling of Joseph of Arimathea, and tradition has preserved the identity of the spot where the angel announced to the Virgin her future miraculous conception.

The scene of interview between the angel Gabriel and the wife of Joseph is marked by an altar, erected in a recess a few feet below the principal aisle of the church. Behind

this are two apartments, which belonged also to the house of the reputed father of the Messiah. Their appearance is sufficiently antique to justify the date, and there is no great violence to probability, from the nature of their situation, in the account delivered of their former appropriation. But the monk who attended to point out the different objects usually held sacred, injured the effect of his narrative by intermixing a fabulous statement of the flight of one part of the edifice to Loretto! He assigned as the motive for the disappearance of this chamber, the necessity of its avoiding contamination from the presence of the infidels, who were then in military possession of the country. There are indentures in the wall to designate the space the apartment occupied, by which it appears to have been extremely small, not exceeding twelve or fourteen feet in length, and eight in breadth.

The place where Joseph exercised his art is about one hundred yards from the church; it was originally circular, but a segment only remains, the greater part having been demolished by the Turks: an altar is erected near the entrance. Not far from thence is the school, where Christ received the first rudiments of his education from the Jewish masters; and near to this last, but in an opposite side the road, is a small chapel, enclosing the fragment of a rock, on which our Saviour is supposed, on some occasion, to have spread his fare and shared it with his disciples. An inscription\* affixed to the walls intimates it to have been consecrated by the presence of Christ, both before and subsequently to his resurrection. The form of this table is an irregular ellipse: it appears originally to have been rectangular, the extreme length is about four yards, its greatest breadth three and a half.

Travelling onward to Jerusalem, we have a brief, but picturesque, general description of Palestine, and of the emotions it excites; which we take the liberty of quoting.

Every species of information, whether derived from books or the minuter accuracy of verbal narrative, is insufficient to convey to a native of Europe any adequate idea of a country, which has been constituted on principles essentially different from European

\* *Traditio continua est, et nunquam interrupta, apud omnes nationes orientales, hanc petram dictam MENSA CHRISTI, illam ipsam esse petram supra quam Dominus Noster Jesus Christus cum suis comedit discipulis ante et post suam resurrectionem a mortuis! — Then follows the grant of a plenary indulgence for seven years, on the sole condition of the party repeating a *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria*, "dummodo sit in statu Gratie."*

usages; the mind having no comparative standard to refer to on a subject so totally new, is at a loss how to frame its conceptions, and it almost inevitably happens, that the reality has a very faint correspondence with the image prefigured. This observation applies with peculiar force to the traveller who visits the Holy Land. His arrival on the coast of Syria introduces him to objects that have no resemblance to those with which he has been hitherto associated: the vegetable kingdom, the brute creation, and even his own species, are in appearance greatly dissimilar, and seem to point out that he is alighted on a new and distant planet.

The first sensations, therefore, which fill the visitor of Palestine, are those of lassitude and dejection; but as he progressively advances in these sacred precincts, and perceives an interminable plain spread out on all sides, those sensations are eventually succeeded by feelings more exalted. A mixed emotion of surprise and awe takes possession of his faculties, which, far from depressing the spirit, elevates the mind, and gives vigour to the heart. The stupendous scenes that are every where unfolded, announce to the spectator, that he surveys those regions which were once the chosen theatre of wonders. The burning climate, the impetuous eagle, the blighted fig-tree—all the poetry, all the painting of the sacred writings, are present to his view. Each venerable name reminds him of some mysterious agent;—every valley seems to proclaim the warnings of futurity—every mountain to re-echo the hallowed accents of inspiration! *The dread voice of the ETERNAL HIMSELF has sounded on these shores!*

We cannot speak so favourably of the historical epitome, which occupies a considerable number of the ensuing pages. A modern writer on the subject of Jerusalem should tell us what he observed there, and not eke out his lucubrations with recollections of ancient times, familiar to every reader of the bible, and the historians of those days. At least, we shall make our choice from the passages which are of the former kind. There are some points, in the following description of the tomb of our Saviour, which we do not remember to have read before.

The tomb of our Saviour is inclosed in a church to which it has given name, and appears in the centre of a rotunda, whose summit is crowned by a radiant cupola. Its external appearance is that of a superb mausoleum, having the surface covered with rich crimson damask hangings, striped with gold. The entrance looks towards the east; but, immediately in front, a small chapel has been erected to commemorate the spot, where the angel appeared to the two Marys. Just beyond this is the vault in which the Redeemer submitted to a temporary interment: the door of admission is very low, probably to prevent its being entered otherwise than in the attitude of adoration. The

figure of the cave is nearly square, extending rather more than 6 feet lengthways, and being within a few inches of the same width; the height I should imagine to be about eight feet: the surface of the rock is lined with marble, and hung with silk of the colour of the firmament. At the north side, on a slab raised about two feet, the body of our Saviour was deposited; the stone, which had been much injured by the devotional zeal of the different pilgrims, is now protected with a marble covering; it is strewn with flowers and bedewed with rose-water, and over it are suspended four and forty lamps, which are ever burning. The greater part of these are of silver, richly chased; a few are of gold, and were furnished by the different sects of Christianity\*, who divide the possession of the church.

In an aisle, east of the sepulchre, is the spot where Christ appeared to the Magdalen in the habit of a gardener; and a few steps further is the scene of his interview with his mother. The pillar to which he was bound, when undergoing the punishment of being scourged, has been taken from the court near the Hall of Judgment, and affixed to the right of an altar, erected in a chapel at the extremity of the aisle; this chapel, and the altar within the sepulchre, are consecrated to the worship of the Catholics. The place where he was tortured by the crown of thorns, that of the agony of his being affixed to the cross, and the partition of his vesture by lot, are all severally comprised within the limits of the church, which is thus made to include a considerable portion of mount Calvary. Tradition has also preserved the identity of the spot, where the mother of the Messiah stood, a weeping spectatress of the cruelties and ignominy to which he was exposed.

The stone on which the body of Christ was laid to be anointed, is immediately in front of the entrance: eight lamps are suspended over it, and at each extremity there are three large wax tapers, several feet in height. The distance from the sepulchre to the place where the cross was erected, does not exceed forty of my paces: Captain B. made the distance forty-three yards; his measurement is probably the most accurate. From the tomb to the place of Christ's appearance to the Magdalen, the distance is sixteen yards and a half.

The exterior of the sepulchre is covered with white satin, variegated with broad leaves embroidered in red silk, and striped with gold; the vestibule is lined with crimson silk, worked with flowers and surmounted by a dome, beneath which three rows of silver lamps are kept constantly burning. A tripod supports the stone on which the angel is believed to have reclined; its surface is only one span and a half long, and one broad. The sepulchre is lined with marble, and covered with light blue silk, powdered

\* Catholics, Greeks, Armenians, Syrians, Abyssinians, Georgians, Nestorians, Coptites, Maronites, &c. &c. Amongst the variety of 'persuasions' which are to be seen in Jerusalem, there are, as yet, no Protestant establishments, strictly so called, of any denomination.

with white flowers. Just over the part where the body was deposited is a small painting, apparently well executed: it is the production of a Spanish artist, and represents our Saviour's emersion from the grave. The entrance to this hallowed grot is by a low door six spans and a half in height, and three in width.

I should not omit to mention a tradition, very generally received here, that the head of Adam was discovered in a cleft of the rock near the base of Mount Calvary: such a tradition, whether true or false, might very naturally give a title to the spot where the discovery was supposed to be made, and thus Golgotha is not necessarily synonymous with a common repository for bones and skulls: this must however depend on the date of the tradition.

Many other spots of deep interest to a christian traveller were explored by the author; but he is too generally satisfied with the popular traditions revealed by ignorant guides, and does not appear to have previously prepared himself, so as to be able to direct his inquiries in an advantageous way. He has, consequently done little or nothing towards clearing obscurities, or explaining difficulties. Such developments as might be looked for from a man of profound knowledge and great acumen are not to be found here. And with regard to most of the questions which have arisen, touching Judaea, the information is but lute and superficial. The inhabitants of Jerusalem are computed at about 25,000; viz. Jews, 3 to 4000; Roman Catholics, 800; Greeks, 2000; Armenians, 400; Coptites, 50; and Mahometans, 13,000. The author having proceeded to the Dead Sea, and the embouchure of the Jordan, we select some of the most remarkable particulars which he has stated concerning them. Of the Jordan, at its mouth, he says,

The stream is here deep and rapid, rolling a considerable volume of waters; the width appears from two to three hundred feet, and the current so violent, that our Greek servant who attempted to cross it, though strong, active, and an expert swimmer, found the undertaking impracticable: had he succeeded, we should have ascertained the exact breadth, as he was furnished with a line to stretch over the surface from the opposite side. The accuracy of the measurement would be a sufficient refutation of Volney's sarcastic remarks on this celebrated river, which, by the bye, I strongly suspect he never saw. It enters the northern extremity of the Dead Sea, which takes a south south-eastern direction, visible for ten or fifteen miles, when it disappears in a curve towards the east. The mountains on each side are apparently separated by a distance of eight miles, but the expanse of water at this point I should imagine cannot exceed

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fire or six: as it advances southwardly it evidently increases in breadth.

Of the Dead Sea, he observes,

Among the fabulous properties attributed to this lake, the specific gravity of the water has been stated to be such as to be capable of supporting the heaviest material substance. I found it very little more buoyant than other seas, but considerably warmer, and so strongly impregnated with sulphur that I left it with a violent head-ache and swollen eyes. I should add, however, that where I made the experiment the descent of the beach was so gently gradual, that I must have waded above a hundred yards to get completely out of my depth; and the impatience of the Arabians would not allow sufficient time for so extensive an effort.

We imagine that the experiment was not fairly made; for we have concurrent testimony enough to establish the fact, that the specific gravity of this sea is very great.

The banks of the Jordan, which were formerly the haunt of lions, at least if the expressions in Jeremiah \* are to be understood literally, have long ceased to be infested with any such visitors, and we gathered the reeds from its shore without the slightest molestation. The current, as it enters the Dead Sea, is much discoloured, but the general appearance of the lake is that of the most brilliant transparency. As we approached the margin of the water, a strong sulphureous odour was emitted; but a few paces distant it was scarcely perceptible. The taste of the water is peculiarly harsh and bitter. Certain travellers have attributed to these waters the same powerful effect on birds, which Virgil ascribes to the lake near the promontory of Misenum:

*Quam super haud ulla poterant impune volantes  
Tendere iter pennis; talis sese halitus atris  
Fumibus effundens supra ad convexa ferebat.*

ÆNEID VI. 232.

Though unable to negative such report by ocular observation, I feel strongly inclined to question its accuracy: there were several impressions on the sand of birds' feet, some of which appeared as large as the claws of an eagle or vulture; we did not, however, distinguish any with the formation peculiar to water fowl. If hereafter the Turks allow this sea to be navigated, future travellers may eventually arrive at many very interesting discoveries. It is not, perhaps, impossible that the wrecks of the guilty cities may still be found: we have even heard it asserted with confidence, that broken columns and other architectural ruins are visible at certain seasons, when the water is much retired below its usual level; but of this statement, our informers, when closely pressed, could not adduce any satisfactory confirmation. Strabo reckons up thirteen towns, that were overwhelmed by the lake Asphaltites. The author of the book of Genesis enumerates

only five, and of these Sodom and Gomorrah are alone stigmatized as peculiarly the objects of the Almighty's vengeance.

We do not think it necessary to pursue the further route of the author, who went to Modin, the celebrated site of the tombs of the Maccabees, to Rama, Jaffa, Gaza, Damietta, El Arisch, and other places, too well known to afford much matter for novelty. There are, however, a few statements which seem worthy of being transcribed; and though rather anomalous, we will make no apology for classing them together. The annexed is a singular account of a disorder with which a friend, travelling with the author, was seized.

After riding six hours we halted to bait our horses under the projection of a cliff near a deep pool, and towards five o'clock in the morning reached Ramala, a village very pleasantly situated on the summit of a hill, the sides of which are clothed with sycamores and olive trees. As we arrived within a short distance of this place, my friend was suddenly attacked with a seizure, which threatened most alarming consequences. It was probably something of the nature of a coup de soleil: he complained of extreme giddiness, with a violent oppression on the head; his features became agitated, and his pulse full and rapid. The effect was such as to deprive him of all perception of the peculiar character of the country before us, and to impress him with the idea that we were entering Bourdeaux. His observations partaking of the momentary delusion, were hurried and incoherent, and I listened to them with the most painful anxiety. We conducted him by slow and gentle movements to the place assigned us for a lodging; where having spread our camp beds, he was prevailed on to take a preparation of some medicinal powders, and in a short time I had the pleasure, which it is difficult to express, of finding him sink into a deep and tranquil slumber. He remained in this state almost without interruption nearly seven hours, and in the morning his strength was so completely recruited that he appeared to have scarcely any recollection of the evening's attack.

The dress of a bride, married at the convent, while our countrymen were at Jerusalem, afford an opportunity for describing the female dress.

The female costume of Palestine is not particularly graceful. The outward robe consists of a loose gown, the skirts of which appear as if hanging from the shoulder-blades; the arms, wrists, and ankles, are bound with broad metal rings, and the waist is encircled by a belt, profusely studded with some shining substance, intended, probably, to resemble precious stones: but the bosom, "that part of a beautiful woman, where she is perhaps most beautiful," is so entirely neglected as to be suffered to fall nearly to the stomach. The crown of the head is

covered with a compact sort of net-work interwrought with plates of gold and silver, so arranged as to conceal a part only of the hair, which flows in profuse ringlets over the neck and shoulders; yet even this natural ornament is much injured by a custom, very prevalent, of interweaving the extremities with silk ribbons, that descend in twisted folds to the feet: The supplemental tresses would inevitably trail on the ground, were it not for the high clogs, or rather stilts, on which women of condition are always raised, when they appear in public; many of these are of an extravagant altitude, and if the decorations of the head were of correspondent dimensions, a lady's face would seem as if fixed in the centre of her figure. The impression made on a stranger by such an equipage is certainly very ludicrous. There is, indeed, a whimsical fantasy here, almost universal in its application, which seems utterly irreconcilable with all ideas of female delicacy. Not only are the cheeks plastered with vermilion, the teeth discoloured, and the eye-brows dyed, but the lips and chin are tinged with a dark indelible composition, as if the fair proprietors were ambitious of the ornament of a beard!

We shall make but one other quotation: it relates to the consecration of an order of knighthood, which, though little known in Europe, has latterly resumed something of its original lustre.

The usages observed on the creation of a new member are in the highest degree impressive, graced as they are by the accompaniments of religion, rendered them more than usually awful by the sanctity of the place. This order was originally instituted by the Kings of France, towards the close of the eleventh century, who granted to the companions several immunities:—the decoration is a miniature representation of what has since been called the Jerusalem Cross, consisting of five cross gules, designed to typify the five wounds, which lacerated the feet, hands, and side of our Saviour.

The statutes ordain that none shall be considered eligible to this degree who are not of the Catholic communion, and the aspirants are expressly required to be persons of birth, and possessed of sufficient property to support the rank of gentlemen without engaging in commercial speculations. Each individual solemnly engages daily to hear mass, unless prevented by circumstances over which he has no controul—to give his personal service, or provide a substitute, in all wars undertaken against the infidels, and to oppose with his utmost energy every species of hostility directed against the church. The members further bind themselves to avoid all unjust motives of litigation, to eschew fraudulent gain, and to abstain from private duels; to refrain from imprecations, perjury, murder, rapine, blasphemy, sacrilege, and usury; to flee all suspected places, to shun the society of infamous persons, and to live chastely and irreproachably: evincing at once by their actions and conversation, that

\* Behold, he shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan, unto the habitation of the strong; (chap. 1, verse 41.)

they are not unworthy of the rank to which they have been elevated. Finally, they are required to employ their best offices in reconciling dissensions, to defend the fatherless and widow, and to ameliorate, as far as in them lies, the condition of their species: using their best efforts to extend the glory of God, and promote the welfare of mankind.

This oath being taken, the candidate for knighthood kneels before the entrance of our Saviour's tomb, where the Father Guardian, laying his hand upon his head, exhorts him to be 'loyal and virtuous, befitting a valourous soldier of Christ, and an undaunted champion of that Holy Sepulchre.' With this adjuration he delivers to him some spears and a drawn sword, the same which is supposed to have been worn by Godfrey, and he is admonished to use it in his personal defence, as well as in asserting the rights of the church and in opposing the oppressing tyranny of the infidels; the scymetar is then sheathed, and the novice is girt with that ancient weapon. At this part of the ceremony he quits for a moment his suppliant attitude, and having returned the sword to the Guardian, prostrates himself at the foot of the sepulchre, and reclining his forehead on the vestibule, receives the accolade of chivalry, accompanied by these expressions—'I ordain thee a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the name of the FATHER, AND OF THE SON, AND OF THE HOLY GHOST.' The Guardian then kisses his cheek, and hangs around his neck a chain of golden links—'links of every virtue and of every grace.' From this chain the cross is dependant. The new chevalier then arises, and having reverently saluted the sepulchre, closes the ceremony by restoring his ornamental investment to the hands of its venerable proprietor.

Before taking leave of these letters, we ought to notice, that there are several plates, which serve tolerably well to illustrate their subjects; and that the volume is neatly (though not quite correctly) printed. We are also bound to justify our censure of carelessness; and this we will do very briefly. At pages 84 and 223, we find the vulgar error of "lays," and "lay," for "lies," and "lie." We are told (p. 117) of an individual in a certain situation, that "his faculties feel, as it were, an enlarged vitality," which is to us utterly incomprehensible; the sepulchre of the kings is described as "a moderately-sized chamber," which is so indefinite, that it conveys no idea of the magnitude. "The gorgeous palace and the solemn temple," is given as a quotation from Shakespeare; and by a forced unmeaning antithesis, we are assured, that "the natives of Palestine have no more knowledge of antiquity, than they have antiquity of knowledge," which, we confess, our knowledge does not enable us to understand.

These, however, are but minute blemishes; and perhaps the most fair and liberal character we can give of this publication after all, is, that it is unaffected, and generally pleasing.

*The Oxford Spy, in four Dialogues; with an Introduction. Fourth Edition. Oxford, 1819, 12mo. pp. 150.*

The number of editions to which this little volume has run, had it infinitely less merit to recommend it than it really possesses, would entitle it to our notice; and we can only ascribe our not having performed that duty before, to the locality of the subject, which in the first instance confined it to circulation about the scene of its site, and to the absence of that sort of noise and notoriety which usually distinguishes a London from a provincial publication. The Oxford Spy has, nevertheless, good claims upon general attention; and we may almost hazard the assertion, that since Pope's satires were written, a more able performance has not appeared in this species of composition. There is much sound sense, smooth versification throughout, frequent beauties of thought, and happy embellishments of style: and, what perhaps is its highest praise, the satire is neither personal nor bitter, but directed against a system of education of which the writer disapproves, in a tone, which, we presume, can hurt no private feeling, nor bring any thing truly excellent into disrepute.

The Introduction is only a statement in prose of what is afterwards enforced in the Dialogues, and might in our opinion, have either been shortened or spared. We do not like a meal of two dishes, to consist of the same meat only differently dressed,—one leg of mutton boiled and the other roasted; and shall therefore help our readers to a slice of the latter alone, on the assumption that in this respect their tastes agree with ours. Without further preface then, we approach the poetry of the *Oxford Spy*, which will not, we trust, through our culinary metaphors, be mistaken for the *Oxford Sausage*.

Two friends discuss the subject of the plan for instructing youth pursued at this renowned university: the one C, defends, and the other, P, (it may be supposed with the advantage of argument) condemns. P. urges his objections with reiterated earnestness, and seems to have the conviction of the public, and especially of the authorities at Oxford, sincerely at heart. His main proposition is, that the light of modern

science is neglected; and that while students are taught to pore over useless antiquity, words, instead of things, occupy and confound their minds. But we will bring him to illustrate his own doctrines: the following is a vivid picture of the disappointment of a Freshman on entering these schools.

Heav'n! how I hop'd, in studious calm to find  
Peace for the soul, and wisdom for the mind!  
How swift, how bright, the kindling visions came!  
How burnt the thirst of science and of fame!  
What bade these feelings ebb, ye pedants, say?  
What broke the dream, and rent the veil away?  
What dash'd these hopes to nothing?—'Twas to  
see

Such folly cloth'd in such solemnity;  
To see, amid the foldings of the gown,  
Lurk the same failings which disgrace the town;  
Spleen, envy, meanness, pride but ill repress'd,  
And all the meaner passions of the broad,  
Mix'd with the calm which leaves no trace behind,

The sullen, sad, monotony of mind.  
Oh! though remote from Isis toil and strife,  
And all the deeper interests of life;  
Ye souls to feeling, and to nature true,  
Who love retirement, 'tis no place for you!  
No place for thee, whom young romance has taught

To nurse ideal luxury of thought;  
Who feel'st a joy, to vulgar minds unknown,  
To gaze upon the sea, and muse alone;  
View the grey ruin, while the moon half shrouds  
Her modest beauty in the veil of clouds;  
Or pensive hear the baying watch-dog's howl,  
Add solemn screeching of the boding owl:  
Or snatch those pleasures from the midnight breeze,

Which least explain'd, are mightiest still to please!

Very different are the sentiments ascribed to a learned elder; and if the professor's creed be accurately given, the contrast is indeed very great—

Thus, I remember, ere these scenes I saw,  
But hope had drawn them, such as hope will draw:

A shrewd old man, on Isis' margin bred,  
Smil'd at my warmth, and shook his wig, and said:

"Youth will be sanguine, but before you go,  
Learn these plain rules, and treasure, when you know.

"Wisdom is innate in the gown and band;

"Their wearers are the wisest of the land:

"Science, except in Oxford, is a dream:

"In all things Heads of Houses are supreme:

"Proctors are perfect, whose'er they be:

"Logic is Reason in Epitome:

"Examiners, like kings, can do no wrong:

"All modern learning is not worth a song:

"Passive obedience is the rule of right:

"To argue, or oppose, is treason quite:

"Mere common-sense would make the system fall:

"Things are worth nothing; words are all in all!"

Were this opinion impressed, it is no wonder that the author should immediately afterwards exclaim, in a couplet equal to one of the most characteristic of Crabbe's, Strange that while all around new lights discern,  
The seat of learning never deigns to learn!

Adverse to their method, it cannot be supposed that our satirist is friendly to the old



cial and formal administration of the rules, or to their administrators, (if we may say so) in their corporate capacity. He draws the erudite conclave with a stinging pen—

For lo! the first in dignity and might,  
Thy glories, Convocation, burst to sight,  
Hail, synod grave, which Heads of Houses keep,  
To talk, and legislate—"perchance to sleep!"  
Hail, Heads of Houses, whom your stars have made

To seem philosophers in masquerade!  
I hail you all, ye Dons of high degree,  
Puff'd with the conscious pride of dignity;  
Solemn, and sage, and portly to a man,  
The worthy semblance of the Turk's Divan!  
By Heaven! their looks compose an awful scene:

What pomp of words! what majesty of mien!  
Oh! if all these the shallow brain belies,  
Folly can look, at least, most wondrous wise.\*  
To their own Oxford first their thoughts they bear,

And guard her errors with paternal care:  
But now and then, they hold the high debate,  
On England's policy, and Church and State;  
Deplore the licence of the stage and press;  
Lament a grievance: carry an Address.  
Thither, as bards might sing of Grecian fire,  
Their Gods descend, and all their breasts inspire;  
Such Gods, as best such mighty men beseech,  
The guardians, Isis, of thy sacred stream.  
There Orthodoxy, like a Glory shines  
Fall on the forehead of her sound divines;  
Prets their great souls with fears of coming evil,  
And sends Wesleyan Chapels to the Devil.  
There oft are seen two darker forms to stride  
Through all the crowd, call'd Prejudice and Pride.  
But Pedantry you more might hear than see;  
Such a loud jabb'ring Deity is he.  
There hoary Precedent, with wrinkles sage,  
Tries every counsel by the rule of age.  
This, Isis, this was he, who stopp'd thy woe,  
When a sad nation bade its tears o'erflow;  
When SHE, the Star, whose shine the brightest here,  
Left earth,—to flourish in a fitter sphere! \*

In the ensuing numbers, Proctors and Tutors far little better than the heads of houses; but their assailant is called to order by his friend, who reproves him for running such a *muck*, by a story very apropos.

A statue once, Apollo, Jove, or Pan,  
Look'd, in the moonlight, like an honest man:  
A drunken Lord came mutt'ring half a song,  
And, full of wine and valour, reel'd along  
Just where he should not. "Damn it! can't you stir?"

Why did you let me run against you, Sir?  
And first, 'tis said, he challeng'd it outright  
To meet with pistols at the dawn of light.  
He mov'd not, spoke not: so his Lordship thought  
He'd best chastise the scoundrel on the spot.  
Then straight attacks the statue where it stood,  
Breaks his own fist, and covers it with blood:  
Till, tir'd of victory, slow he tumbles on,  
Frustrating in the thoughts of glory won:  
"Well, as I hope, I've taught him manners now;  
And, by my soul! he ne'er return'd a blow!"

Our literary Drawcansir, however, is not to be repulsed; he renews the combat, and we think his attack on the race of commentators a successful exploit.

\* Alluding to there being, no address on the death of the Princess Charlotte; for which no precedent existed.

Still it is true, that Isis fairly claims  
Her names illustrious—now alas! but names.  
Or, just to living science, yet may smile  
To see her Gaisford, and her Elmsley toil;  
From ancient bards clear misty doubts away,  
Nor clog with comments what is clear as day.  
Too happy authors; could they 'scape the clutch  
Of murr'ring German, and laborious Dutch:  
For vast the herd, who urge the curs'd pretence  
To mend the reading and expound the sense.  
His crude conjectures first a dreamer pours:  
A second blots them: and a third restores.  
Another comes—he too must shew his taste—  
First, second, third, are all alike effac'd.  
Thus on your walls, ye prisons of the town,  
Fade short-liv'd bills, scarce sooner up, than down:

Obscur'd too soon by heaps of newer stuff,  
Quack yields to quack, and puff succeeds to puff!

The grand muster of force against the general system is also a vigorous display; and as it contains the chief strength of the writer's battle; we shall point out its leading lines.

Now Popes are pow'rless—yet our studies trace;  
The discipline, views, genius, of the place;  
All insufficient, cramp'd, ill-judg'd, appear;  
Confin'd, yet tedious; though minute, severe;  
With useless forms, and disquisitions fraught;  
Yet leaving necessary things untaught.  
Rise then, ye Jesuits, and with glad surprise  
In Oxford still St. Omers recognise;  
Ye sophist Monks, here burst to life anew,  
Your sun once set in height meridian view!  
Books should teach life; connect the mighty link  
Of past, and present; and cause men to think;  
But what are they, unless to use applied?  
Or what is learning, but as action's guide?  
Yet words, not things, from ev'ry book are sought,

To load the mem'ry—not improve the thought—  
Dates, places, names, a valley, or a plain,  
"Confusion, worse confounded," fill the brain.  
The gowmsman jumbles in his aching head,  
Rivers, long dry; and one-eyed men, long dead;  
Kens little points, where still suspicions lurk,  
That some old woman must have been at work;  
But leaves the gen'ral scope and tenor free  
For such—as need not read for a degree:  
While modern languages and modern lore,  
Language unknown; or lost, if known before.  
Nor this alone—but habit's laws confine  
The very course of classic discipline:  
The same historians, and one single sage,  
Complete monopoly of thought engage;  
One only road lies open—all pursue  
The same dull round, nor dare to break it through.

Oh! if the letter'd gowmsmen never thought  
Of learning more than Alma Mater taught;  
This Oxford sage might tell you in a trice  
How pigmies fought with cranes, or frogs with mice;

Yet think, perhaps, these gentry fought again  
On Stamboul's tow'rs, or Pavia's fatal plain;  
Might tell how Jason first his sails unfurl'd,  
And coasted for a sheep-skin round the world;  
And yet, poor man, might never chance to hear,  
Who found, or nam'd, another hemisphere.  
He knows, what monsters bred in Scythian frost—

Ask him who peopled England—he is lost.  
From him are chemistry's dark secrets hid?  
Oh no! he knows what mighty Midas did;  
Chemist profound! who gold from all things carv'd;

Yet like his luckless followers nearly starv'd!  
And stuff'd with long-liv'd Indian's longer tales,  
Might just enquire, if Calmucs live in Wales.

Yet say, shall prejudice uncheck'd preside,  
And wave her night-shade in protected pride?  
The Stagyrite be confirmation strong,  
And Latin Logic mingle right and wrong?

With this long extract we shall close what relates to Oxford, as we still have another view to take of the author's talents. In the third dialogue he goes further afield, and decaunts upon follies not peculiar to the banks of the Isis, but rather seen in the world at large: that is, in other parts of England. Here he has presented us with some of his best writing, and we must trespass upon our columns for a few examples. We omit with regret, a portrait of youth designed with a master's hand, and offering reflections most worthy of being reflected upon: It commences, p. 101, and though not the best poetry (for we do not sanction "form'd" and "warm'd" as a rhyme—the redundancy of "glorious great design," nor the repetition of "sand-hills" and "sand" in the simile); the imagery is fine, and the sentiments pure. A higher poetical character belongs to the following touching picture of the effects of seduction—the victim falls a prey to the arts of one whom want of proper cultivation throws into the snares of idleness and vice.

(These Extracts in our next.)

#### GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

*A Treatise on the Nature and Cure of Gout and Rheumatism, &c. and practical Observations on Gravel.* By Charles Scudamore, M. D. &c. &c. London, 1819. 8vo. pp. 734. (continued.)

Three days have not elapsed since our last publication endeavoured to take a popular view of this Treatise; and, fearful that we might be stepping too far out of our usual course, in allotting so much space to a medical dissertation; it has been particularly gratifying to us, to receive more than thrice three letters of thanks (and little-merited praise) for the manner of bringing the subject before the public. Thus encouraged, we proceed with alacrity on our analysis.

We last Saturday broke off at the close of the causes *predisposing* to gout, enumerated by the author: his next division is the *exciting causes*; and these we shall treat in the same way as we did their precursors. But it should be premised, that "gout is truly a disease of repletion," and therefore, all "over-excitement of the stomach" must tend to bring it on. It is also deserving of remark, that

Without any exception, gouty persons are, at some period or other, either affected with gravel, or, with the deposition of a pink or brick-dust sediment. . . . Some experience the gravel in the interval of the paroxysm, but very few are so affected when the gout is present.

We now come to the *Exciting Causes*,

(which our gouty readers will do wisely to avoid,) and,

**First, Excessive Intemperance.** The inflammatory action of the general circulation which follows this indulgence; sometimes introduces a fit, in the course of a few hours, where the predisposition strongly exists. It rarely fails to occur, if the excess often repeated; and now and then, a debauch of the stomach appears to be the sole occasion of introducing the first fit. Persons from taking Champaign very freely, and one patient from drinking four bottles of port-wine at a sitting, without being otherwise predisposed to gout, acquired it from these excesses. Champaign is, of all liquors, the most injurious to gouty subjects: a single glass, will produce a sensation in the limbs. One gentleman returning from France, where he usually drank this wine, had a fit which lasted *forty weeks*. Malt liquor, and wine of any kind, even in moderation, but taken at the same time, are very likely to bring on gout.

**Acidity**, when much accumulated in the *primæ viæ*, will always promote a fit.

**Obstruction, and Excess of Bile.** Sometimes the precursors of a paroxysm.

**Cold.** With, or without wet, applied to the body generally, or to the lower extremities only, especially when in concurrence with fatigue, proves, in an equal degree, exciting to gout, in an individual who is predisposed to the disease, as to phlegmasiæ in general. The act of walking in thin shoes on damp ground is always hazardous. In several gouty patients the sensibility to the immediate influence of the east wind, or to the act of standing on damp pavement, or very damp ground, is almost incredible. Cold, affecting locally or generally, when conjoined with wet, acts most powerfully; but the east wind itself is a severe and active agent. A wet fog, with a penetrating east, or north-east wind, is the most certainly hurtful.

**External Injuries.** Strains, concussions, contusions, or any mechanical violence, offered immediately to the part which becomes affected with inflammation, or even to some other part of the body, very commonly excite a paroxysm. Exertions in dancing, a broken leg, a blow on the foot, a pressure of the toe, a tight shoe, over-walking, and many similar causes, have brought on gout. When the gouty diathesis is present, any considerable degree of local injury, seems with certainty to be followed by a fit.

**Fatigue and Anxiety.** That fatigue, which is the joint offspring of mental anxiety and bodily exertion, is a very common cause of exciting a paroxysm. Late hours, with intense application to business, and especially if the feelings are anxiously concerned, lead with certainty to an attack, when the predisposition is only moderately strong. A fit has been excited by playing a game at chess!

**The Passions of the Mind.** Strong passions will serve to excite a paroxysm. Irritability and anger affect the secreting action of the liver, and also disturb the system, so as to cause gout.

Pursuing his investigation methodically, Dr. S. having discussed the *pre-disposing* and *exciting* causes, next adverts to the *Proximate* cause of this disease.

Areteus considered that the proximate cause was known only to the Gods. The uric concretions (or *chalk-stones* as they are improperly called) which belong to the gout in a few individuals, appear to have been the chief source of the doctrine of a morbid matter; from Hippocrates to the present time. [Dr. S. refutes this opinion with great ability; but the discussion is not for general reading. He also, in our opinion, successfully combats other theories.] His own hypothesis, or rather Ratio Symptomatum, we shall endeavour shortly to state.

The gouty, for the most part, have a circular form of chest; and, as we may infer, a corresponding capacity of lungs. Such is the structure most fitted for the plethoric habit. As long, however, as the powers of general circulation are adequate to the circulation of a healthy balance; bearing a just relation to the quantity of blood requiring to be circulated, and adapted to all its ultimate purposes, the gout does not make its first invasion.

In a first fit of gout the plethoric state of vessels appears the predominant, and often the only circumstance, which can be detected in the errors of the constitution. In the returns of the disease, more or less of irregularity in the functions of the abdominal viscera becomes conspicuous, and it gradually assumes a more complicated character.—That determination of blood to the extremities, which, in its peculiar actions, exhibits the phenomena of gout, becomes more and more obviously connected with congestion in the whole system of the *vena portarum*; with a vitiated secretion of bile; costive bowels; and unequal function of the kidneys.

*The stomach is truly the medium through which the gout is created.* Excess of ingesta, beyond the powers of healthy assimilation, and the supply of blood demanded for the useful purposes of the body, is the material foundation of the disease. . . . How much the economy of the circulating system is concerned in the immediate production of a fit of the gout, is sufficiently exemplified in the following phenomena. Previously to the attack, sometimes for several days, the lower extremities are constantly chilled; and the symptoms of inflammation do not, under these circumstances, take place, until the patient has been some time in bed, when the circulation becomes more equalized. This is at least one explanation why the paroxysm usually makes its invasion about midnight. It is also apprehended that from 12 to 3 in the morning, the last stage of digestion takes place most actively; the chyle is then freely entering into the circulation; and the natural plethora of the vessels (if it may be so described) is produced. When the first symptoms of the paroxysm do take place in the day, it happens as a consequence of some sudden excitement of the heart and arteries, from excess in stimu-

lating liquor; as, after a convivial entertainment.

We are now brought to the general conclusion, that *gout is a disease depending upon a redundancy of blood*, with relation to the powers of the circulation, particularly affecting the system of the *vena portarum*, and the consequent functions of the liver; together with the production of a morbid change in the secreted products of the alimentary canal in general, and the kidneys in particular.

Gout is also connected with the nervous system: when it has been frequent, nervous sensibility is much increased, and the prevalence of cramp in gouty persons is a strong indication of high nervous irritation. The agitation of mind is much more remarkable than in any other inflammatory disease.

Ligament is probably the texture which is the most frequent seat of gout; but the *bursæ mucosæ*, the sheaths of tendons, and the muscular aponeurosis, together with the respective vessels and nerves of these parts, may also be enumerated as textures *primarily* affected. *Secondarily*, the cellular membrane and skin share in the effects of the inflammation. In the course of the acute symptoms, the nerves of the affected part acquire the highest state of tenderness and irritation. In no inflammation is the sense of throbbing so remarkable, as in gout. . . . Stronger sensations of heat are produced in the part, in relation to the real quantity evolved from the inflamed surface, than is caused by common or rheumatic inflammation. The thermometer on a gouty hand 94°: on the other hand, not affected, 70-5°: in many other cases, similar differences of temperature.

The most important pages of Dr. Scudamore's work which call for our attention, are devoted to the *diagnosis* and *prognosis* of gout; and the *general mode of treating* the disease.

The principal symptoms by which gout is distinguished from rheumatism, erysipelas, and phlegmon, are, that at first it rarely affects more than one part—that remissions from pain during the day are more frequent than in acute rheumatism—that the part pits to the finger as the inflammation ceases—that the neighbouring veins are in a very turgid state—that there is intense heat and violent throbbings, an excessive sense of weight, with numbness and total disability.

The prognosticks of a favourable termination of the fit are confined almost entirely to local appearances. The chief are the visceral organs being sound in structure and not materially disturbed in their functions—an entire cessation of the sympathetic fever—the tongue becoming moist and clean—a return of natural appetite—the nervous system becoming tranquil, and the spirits improved—the urine ceasing to deposit sediment, and losing its high specific gravity—the local sensations yielding in their severity to remedies, and the inflammation abating, and shewing a disposition to quick transference from one part to another; or if it be fugitive, not fixing severely in new situations. The



skin which has been affected, becoming pale and permanently cool, is a favourable omen; and disquamation of the cuticle is a strong indication that the inflammation is wholly removed from that particular part.

Among the most unfavourable signs are a quick transference of severe inflammation from one part to another, joined with a painful sympathy of the stomach, or the head; with irregular fever; and with exquisite sensibility of the whole nervous system. Permanently healthy secretions are the surest signs of a stable cure.

The general treatment of the disorder, and the author's view of the different medicines applied to the cure of gout, are of too much consequence to be added to the foregoing analysis; and we therefore reserve them for our next paper; noticing only, in conclusion, that Dr. S. ridicules the idea of the disorder being contagious.

(To be continued.)

#### HISTORY OF BRAZIL,

By Robert Southey. Part the third. London, 1819. 4to. pp. 950.

(Concluded.)

We have extracted so many illustrations from this valuable work, that we shall now wind up our review of it with only a very few examples more. We might indeed indulge in a long series of interesting quotations from so copious a source; but it is rather our province, amid the variety which comes under our cognizance, to take from each new publication merely enough to show what it is, and having extracted the marrow in many instances, and afforded sufficient grounds for forming a right opinion in others, leave the decision to our readers either of resting satisfied with what we have done, or looking to the books themselves for more ample information.

The following passage furnishes a remarkable and horrid picture of the state of one of the noblest species of the animal creation, as it is found in South America—

The tribes who had learnt to use horses were never in want of those animals. At that time, an extent of open pasture equal to the whole area of Great Britain, was full of wild cattle of all kinds, and horses herded together in thousands and ten thousands. Falkner, the English Jesuit, upon one of his missionary journeys, was surrounded by them during a fortnight; thick troops sometimes passed by him in full speed for two or three hours together, and it was with much difficulty that he and the Indians in his company preserved themselves from being run over and trampled to death. They are easily captured: a piece of ground is burnt; when the new grass springs up they are attracted

to it by the richness of the pasture, and the hunters are ready to drive them into a decoy. Mares which are kept for breeding are sometimes lamed, to prevent them from running wild. The wild horses will surround the tame ones, caress them, and lead them away, as if they were acting rationally, and delighted in bringing them to the liberty which they themselves enjoyed; and it is found that the tame horses, if they have associated a little while with their free fellow creatures, rebel fiercely afterwards against the bit and the saddle. Great numbers perish miserably in their wild state, and it is said that the greater part of the colts never grow up. The fly attacks them as soon as they are foaled, so that thousands are devoured by maggots: the jaguars take a large share, and many are trodden to death by the horses in their drove. Great numbers die during seasons of drought; they rush at such times into the lakes and marshes, where many plunge into the mud and are lost, and others are trampled down by those who from behind press on with the same painful and raging impulse. Azara, more than once, saw the carcasses of many thousands which had thus been destroyed; and their skeletons are found on the edge of empty lakes, and in the dry channels of the rivers. They are of so little value that very many are killed merely for their fat, which is used in preparing deer skin: and the people go nowhere on a foot.

\* The horses are not so strong as ours, which are fed upon more stimulating food. Even for a short journey, a led horse is always taken to relieve the other; and when the Guarani were in the king's armies, each man took four. But this must not be imputed to any humanity in the people, which, however we may flatter ourselves by the name, is perhaps the rarest virtue to be found in brute man. They are never shod. It is often necessary to ride them for days and days through the flooded country: when they reach dry ground their feet are so miserably soaked that they cannot move, and they die for want of food, foot-fouled. They are liable to another dreadful evil. There is usually a soft skin under the saddle, and a sheep skin, or carpet, laid upon it; these trappings necessarily heat the horse; a chill is apt to ensue when they are taken off; the back swells, the tumour suppurates, the flies, which are the curse of man and beast, oviposit in the wound, and in no very long time the poor animal is devoured alive. It is said that more horses are eaten by these loathsome insects than by the wild beasts. The only remedy is to pick them out when they first appear, lay chewed tobacco in the wound, which prevents them from breeding there, and keep the cicatrix covered with grease. There is a sort of vulture also which fixes upon the wound, and performs rude surgery with its beak, cleaning it, and thus leaving it in a state for healing, if man be at hand to protect it afterwards; otherwise they enlarge it for other worms to breed in, even then mercifully employed, because they expedite a miserable death.

At any estancia a few leagues from the city, you might probably take your choice of the horses for a silk handkerchief, and be very likely to get an excellent one. The creole never takes the trouble of keeping up a horse for his own riding. When he wants one he goes into his corral, nooses one, and if he proves refractory

Our remaining extracts are from the notes, which, with a complete index, close Mr. Southey's excellent performance:

**Depopulation of the Spanish Indies.**—The Indians in the Viceroyalty of Peru, do not at present amount to 700,000. In 1551, they were numbered at 8,255,000. The Viceroyalties of Santa Fe and Buenos Ayres were included in that numeration; still the depopulation has been dreadful. The diocese of Mexico contained, in 1600, 500,000 tributary Indians: in 1741 there remained only 119,611. And the depopulation has been equal in every other district. The mines are admitted to be the main cause of this destruction; and where the tyranny of the Spaniards has not reached, the small pox, which they introduced, has found its way.

**Depreciation of Diamonds.**—When emeralds were first discovered in America, a Spaniard carried one to a lapidary in Italy, and asked him what it was worth; he told a hundred *escudos*: he produced a second, which was larger, and that was valued at three hundred. Overjoyed at this, he took the lapidary to his lodging, and shewed him a chest full; but the Italian seeing so many, damped his joy by saying, These, Senor, are worth an *escudo*.

In the following we trace something of the story of the famous Whittington.

The first couple of cats which were carried to Cuyaba, sold for a pound of gold; there was a plague of rats in the settlement, and they were purchased as a speculation, which proved an excellent one. Their first kittens produced thirty *oitaras* each; the next generation were worth twenty; and the price gradually fell, as the inhabitants were stocked with these beautiful and useful creatures.

Montenegro presented to the elder Almagro the first cat which was brought to South America, and was rewarded for it with six hundred *peas*.

We now take a reluctant leave of Mr. Southey, whose work needs no eulogium but abundant selections.

#### DODWELL'S TOUR THROUGH GREECE.

(Continued.)

Mr. Dodwell's next excursion from Athens was through the Peloponnesos. His servant was a rigid Mussulman, who when joked on the subject of his severe observance of fasts, &c., made an answer, which we quote, as exceedingly applicable to the present times. "Let every man, (said he) follow the precepts of his religion: if I did not fast in Ramazan, I should be a bad Mussulman, and you know I am not a Jew, nor a Christian; you would therefore leave with you a man without religion; and, consequently,

ties his legs, then saddles and bridles him, and mounts; some one then cuts the cord, and away they go. He rides him two or three days without giving him any thing to eat, and when the beast can go no longer, turns him loose, and supplies himself with another in the same way.

without that fear of Allah, which prevents us from committing dishonest and wicked actions." Such sentiments in a common peasant, the author remarks, are not often met with. 'Tis true 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true.

The 28th November was the period on which this new excursion was commenced; and journeying by Eleusis and Megara, we arrive at the celebrated Isthmus of Corinth. Of Corinth itself there is a long account, but we only copy a few remarkable passages.

"I observed (says Mr. D.) no remains of the architecture which is said to have been invented at Corinth; nor did I perceive in any part of the Isthmus, the acanthos plant, which forms the principal distinctive character of the Corinthian capital."

"There are several shapeless and uninteresting masses of Roman remains composed of bricks, one of which seems to have been a bath, resembling in some respects that of Diocletian at Rome, but little more than the lower walls and foundations are remaining. There is nothing approaching to an intelligible building, and we may exclaim with the poet (Antholog. Epig. of Antipater of Sidon),

Where is thy grandeur, Corinth! shrunk from sight,

Thy ancient treasures, and thy rampart's height;  
Thy god-like fane and palaces.—Oh where  
Thy mighty myriads and majestic fair!

Relentless war has poured around thy wall,  
And hardly spared the traces of thy fall!

"The present town of Corinth, though very thinly peopled, is of considerable extent. The houses are placed wide apart, and much space is occupied by gardens. There are some fine fountains in the town, one of which is extremely curious, on account of the fantastic ornaments with which it has been enriched, by the singular combinations of Turkish taste.

"Corinth is governed by a bey, whose command extends over 163 villages. The chief produce of the territory is corn, cotton, tobacco, and oil, and a better wine than that of Athens, which the Turks quaff freely in spite of their prophet, in order to counteract the bad effects of the air, which in summer is almost pestilential. A thick dew falls during the night; and early in the morning every thing is as wet as if it had been drenched with rain."

One of the most interesting recognitions stated in these volumes is that of the Sepulchres, which Pausanias mentions his having seen near the road, as he returned from Kenchreiai, and the bath of Helena at Corinth. Ascertaining from the milles at this bath, that there was a bad and circuitous route to the city, through a plain on the western side of a range of hills, beginning at the Acrocorinth, and terminating near the bath of Helena, Mr. Dodwell determined to explore this irregular path. He was well rewarded for his labour, as appears from the sequel of the narrative.

"We accordingly proceeded through some thick and very difficult forests of shrubs. In

twenty-five minutes from the bath of Helena we passed some cottages, and twelve minutes farther a village called Gallatachi: half an hour more brought us to a miserable village called Mertese, and the first cottage we entered presented objects of great interest, as connected with our anxiously desired discovery of the sepulchres of which we were in search. Upon the shelf which goes round the interior of these cottages, and on which they place their smaller culinary utensils, and vessels of earthen ware, I saw two small vases of terra-cotta, of rude but ancient workmanship: the other cottages exhibited vases of the same kind, but without any figures on them, or any thing which rendered them interesting in themselves. We succeeded, however, in persuading some of the villagers to accompany us to the spot where they were found, which is about a quarter of a mile from the village towards Corinth. We came to an eminence a little elevated above the other undulations of the plain, and found it covered with sepulchres, of the *terracotta* kind, similar to those at the Piræus. The countrymen opened a few in our presence, in which we found bones, and several vases broken into small pieces. Those which were entire were plain, and composed of a beautifully shining black varnish, which was still as fresh as on the day when it was painted. The vases were remarkably light, and of elegant forms. We also found a large cinerary urn, of common earth, containing ashes and burnt bones. The sepulchres are confusedly placed, without any attention to regularity of arrangement, or to the direction of east and west. As it appeared probable that these sepulchres belonged to some ancient city in the vicinity, I made every inquiry which might lead to the discovery, if any such place existed; but was assured that nothing of the kind was known.... The villagers of Mertese informed me, that a Jew of Corinth, who had lately been digging in this spot, had found several vases. On my return to Corinth, I immediately called on him, and found them heaped in a corner with other [amongst] rubbish. He however knew, or pretended to know, the value of an inscribed vase, which he showed me; and which, with some difficulty, I bought of him. The design of the figures, and the forms of the letters, are of the most ancient character; and probably no vase of terra-cotta has yet been discovered that belongs to a period so remote. It is divided into two compartments, one above the other, in which are lions, bulls, stags, goats, birds, and flowers, which are not historical, but merely ornamental. The cover, however, is of the greatest interest; it represents the chase of a wild boar, in which the name of each of the actors is written by his side, in letters of the most ancient date. The subject is opened by a figure dressed in a long garment, and carrying a *Caduceus* in his right hand, with the inscription—*Agamemnon*." &c.

The author goes on to describe all the figures, which the want of a plate prevents our following, and we therefore content ourselves with fixing the probable date of this ex-

remely curious vase, as about 700 years before the christian era.

The sculptured mouth of a well, and some other antiquities, furnish out a very interesting chapter on Corinth, to which we must refer our readers.

(To be continued.)

## CHINA.

THE PAMPHLETEER, NO XXIX.  
October, 1819. 8vo. pp. 286.

The last number of this valuable periodical work presents a collection of articles even more than usually excellent. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's speeches on the important budget of 1819; Mr. Bowles on the increase of crimes; Mr. Frend on the smoky atmosphere of London; Joseph J. Gurney on the prisons of Scotland and the north of England; and several other works, as well original as republished from popular pamphlets, form a very attractive combination of essays on political economy, literature, and science; the subjects being either interesting in our home affairs, or in our relations with other countries.

But the paper, which from its novelty has chiefly caught our attention, and to which we shall chiefly confine ourselves, is, a memoir of the principal occurrences during the late embassy to China, written by the Rev. Dr. Robert Morrison. Ample as were the accounts of Mr. Ellis, Capt. Hall, and Mr. Abel, Dr. Morrison's knowledge of the language, acquaintance with Chinese manners, and peculiar advantages of intercourse as interpreter to the embassy, have enabled him to add many curious facts and observations to the mass already before the public.

It shall be our business to extract the most prominent of these notices, and string them together like a China necklace; for they are generally so short that we despair of connecting them by a regular narrative. Some of the singular customs of the "Celestial Empire," as they constitute so important a political feature in its destinies, have a prior claim upon our choice.

"The lowest form by which respect is showed in China at this day is Kung-show, that is, joining both hands and raising them before the breast. The next is Iso-yih, that is, bowing low with the hands joined. The third is Ta-tseén, bending the knee as if about to kneel. The fourth is Kwei, to kneel. The fifth, Ko-tou, kneeling and striking the head against the ground. The sixth, San-kow, striking the head three times against the earth before rising from one's knees. The seventh, Luh-kow, that is, kneeling and striking the forehead three times, rising on one's feet, kneeling down again and striking the head again three times against the earth. The climax is closed by the San-kwei-kew-kow, kneeling three different times, and at each time knocking the head thrice against the ground.

"Some of the gods of China are entitled only to the San-kow: others to the Luh-kow; the Téen (heaven), and the Emperor, are worshipped by the San-kwei-kew-kow. Does the Emperor of China claim divine honors?"



It is not in their ceremonies alone (here so particularly described) but in every other shape, that the Chinese display a determined mind to treat every foreigner as a vassal. In their official papers—"the ambassador and commissioners were styled, Wang-Chae, 'royal envoies,' and the presents, Le-wuh, 'things given from courtesy.' The Chinese wish to call foreign ambassadors, Kung-she, 'envoies with tribute,' and the presents Kung-wuh, 'articles of tribute.' It may occur to the reader, that the Chinese give presents in return: true, but they call them by a very different name, viz. Shang, 'a thing bestowed on an inferior.' The letters brought they wish to be called Peaou-wan, 'a representation made,' as if by petition. The letters they give are called Chih, 'an imperial mandate.' We used the word Shoo, 'a book or letter,' such as passes between equals. The Chinese allowed us our own phraseology, and in speaking to us generally used it; what they wrote on the flags of bouts, or used amongst themselves, we could not control."

"In Chinese apartments there is placed at the head of the room, a large broad couch, called a Kang; in the middle of it stands a table about eighteen inches high, intended to rest the arm on, or to place tea on; on each side of this the two principal persons sit; the left is the place of honor. From the ends of the couch, at right angles, are placed two rows of chairs; the rank diminishes as they recede from the couch: the first in the left side row is the highest place. To prevent persons taking a place they do not wish them, they sometimes remove the chairs."

When the 'great men Chang and Yin' visited the Alceste, "they sent before them large red cards of numerous folds, and about 18 inches from top to bottom. In the middle of the page was written their names and rank beginning with Teen-chau, 'Of the Celestial Empire.' This style of card is commonly affected in their intercourse with foreigners. Amongst themselves they write on a much smaller card their name, prefacing it with Yu-te Your, 'simple younger brother,' or some other expression of humility, and closing it with Tun-show pae, 'bows his head and worships.'"

Their assumptions of superiority were mostly ridiculous; but the following instance will shew that they were sometimes attended with inconvenience. At a banquet given to the embassy—

"The upper end of the room was raised about a foot higher than the lower end, with pillars marking the limits of the former; three low cushions were placed on the right-hand side for the ambassador and two commissioners. On the lower floor were pieces of red cloth in a line with the cushions, for the gentlemen of the embassy. Soo and Kwang sat opposite to the Commissioners, and on the lower floor, on a line with them, were two or three military men, the Tartar secretaries, and Chang. We were compelled by this arrangement to sit cross-legged. Some of our party, incapable of this, stretched their legs under the tables; which was not

easy to effect, as the tables were not more than twelve or sixteen inches high. Each table had a false top removeable at pleasure, and by this means the whole was taken away and a new course brought on at once. The repast was not continued long. The Tartars ate little, as they had probably, like ourselves, breakfasted before. The dishes were in very good style; but from the awkward posture in which we sat, it was a most uncomfortable meal."

On many occasions affairs of the utmost consequence to the mission turned on points of etiquette; and indeed, as is well known, the failure of the negotiations resulted from our refusing to perform a slavish and degrading ceremony. Dr. M. places this matter in a stronger light than any of his predecessors; insists on the ill-effects which acquiescence would have produced, and relates some characteristic anecdotes of the attempts of the Chinese to cheat or bully the ambassador into compliance. On one occasion, when pressing the performance of the nine prostrations—

"Old Soo threw out, in a rather gruff tone, that the Russians had been rejected for their non-compliance, and their commerce interrupted; and hinted that it would be the same with us. He was told, that in comparison with national honour that was a small matter. The interruption of commerce was never again mentioned by him or any other person. Kwang threw out what his own better knowledge would scarcely let him utter, viz. that as there is but one sun in the heavens, so there is but one sovereign in the world; which sovereign is the Emperor of China; to him all kings owe homage and submission. It excited a murmur on the other side, but was too ridiculous to be seriously opposed. It was merely said, that was not admitted."

At another time, when Lord Amherst visited Duke Ho, the Empress's brother, sent as Legate to Tung-Chow—

"A small court-yard, not defended from the rain, was to be crossed. By the aid of umbrellas this was effected, and a bamboo hanging screen being raised, discovered the Duke, Muh, and Kwang, standing, about three or four feet from the door, with their faces towards it. The ambassador made an inclination of the head, which the duke did not return in any way, but began in a loud stern tone: "We are especially sent here by the Great Emperor to see the ceremony properly performed." Mr. Morrison said, "Let the Ambassador be seated, and then converse." The Duke replied, his lip quivering with anger, "We stand, and he also may stand." This was explained to the Ambassador, who said, "Very well, we'll stand." The Duke was then desired to resume what he was about to say. He began, Teen woo leang jih; Tewoo urh Kwang; as in Heaven there are not two Suns, so on earth there are not two Sovereigns. The great Emperor is Teentsze, the Son of Heaven; before him all kings should bow down. You know it (looking at Mr. Morrison, who had been seen reading Confucius, and which had reached the Duke's ears), the ceremony in-

sisted on was coeval with (Kae-Kwo) the commencement of the dynasty.—Feeling this to be no great length of time, he added—it has existed from the highest antiquity, and Kang kae puh tih cannot be altered, "Without the performance of this ceremony, the Ambassador and his tribute will be forthwith rejected and cast out;" throwing his hand from him as he pronounced the last word."

Again, on being dismissed with anger from the Imperial court:

"About two o'clock a large blustering man came into the court-yard, and called out, "Where is there an interpreter?" On finding a person who understood him, he began, and explained at great length from whom he was deputed; how great the person was; greater than the Viceroy of Chih-le; he was the Kew mun te-tuh, "Commander of (the forces of) the Nine Gates" of Peking. He is the first and greatest military officer in the Empire. Being informed that we knew who the Kew mun te-tuh was, he proceeded, "My master, who commands a million of men, requires that the ambassador leave the limits of his command immediately.—The ambassador is a rude man who does not know how to behave himself. Your king is respectful and obedient; but the ambassador is not. He has used disrespectful language. His majesty will write to the king to complain of him."

(To be continued.)

#### ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS, FOR JULY, 1819.—continued.

Art. V. 1st. Précis d'une Collection de Médailles antiques, avec Planches, par L. Reynier, Genève, 1818. 2d. Description de Médailles antiques, Grecques et Romaines, avec leur Degré de Rareté et leur Estimation, &c. &c. par T. C. Mionnet, &c.: tome 1er. du Supplement, Paris, 1819.

I unite here, (says Mr. Raoul Rochette,) in one article, two works on Numismatology, by different authors, but which have nearly the same form, and treat almost on the same subjects. Mr. Reynier, the author of the first, has confined himself to a description of the rarest medals in the collection which he possesses, especially the medals of the cities of Italy. The second of these works, which is equally dedicated, in a great measure at least, to the monuments of that country, presents us with a much more ample catalogue, though it is but a supplement to the general description of the medals in the King's Cabinet, published by the author. The comparison of these two writings is, then, sufficient to confirm an interesting fact, viz. the rapid progress of the science of Numismatology, which a very small number of years has sufficed to enrich with so many new monuments, calculated to throw fresh lustre on this important branch of Archaeology.

Some of the medals described by Mr. R. were already known by the catalogue Mr. Avellino: but a greater number were still unedited; and this publication is the more valuable, as the useful work of Mr. Avellino was interrupted after the appearance of some

numbers. The descriptions of Mr. R., it is true, from their extreme conciseness, seem ill calculated wholly to satisfy the curiosity of an antiquary, who in the absence of the originals, is eager after the minutest details. Perhaps, the author may be reproached for having too exclusively studied the merit of a rigorous compression; or perhaps, too, the opinion we entertain of his knowledge, while it softens this reproach, renders our regret the more lively and the more just. Sometimes, however, Mr. R. adds to the description of the medals, curious explanations, and new considerations.

We declined following the learned reviewer in his criticism on various parts of this work, as even the translation of the whole would hardly satisfy those of our readers who feel an interest in these researches, and an abridgment of his remarks could be of no use to any one: but we may say, that without having ourselves seen the work of Mr. Reynier, we feel justified, by what we learn from Mr. Raoul Rochette's review, in recommending it to the notice of all the friends of this interesting and useful study. In conclusion, he says, "I could make many more observations on the work of Mr. Reynier, which I suppress, that I may be able to say some words of that of Mr. Mionnet, before I conclude this article. The supplement, of which Mr. M. has published only the first volume, (the second is in the press,) contains the medals of Spain, Gaul, Italy, and Sicily. They are not all inédit, nor could it be expected, in the small number of years that have elapsed since the publication of his description, that we should have acquired such a prodigious collection of entirely new monuments relative to this portion of Europe. Mr. Mionnet has completed the catalogue, which was already so far advanced, of the Greek medals in the King's Cabinet, and by adding the most remarkable and most authentic specimens of foreign cabinets, and even of private collections, he has produced the most ample, the most methodical description, and the most useful to the science of Numismatology, which has made such progress in our times. He has reduced to practice the system of the doctrine of Eckhel, that immortal work, all the elements of which are now collected in the book of Mr. Mionnet; and a great number of monuments which had escaped Eckhel, or which have been recovered since his death, being arranged after his system, interpreted upon his principles, thus come to the support of this doctrine, give testimony in favor of the accuracy of his method; and do homage to the wonderful sagacity of that illustrious antiquarian. More than a third of the medals described by Mr. Mionnet are new; and it is extremely seldom that the author has been obliged to derange any thing to make them enter into the system of Eckhel. The descriptions of Mr. Mionnet, short, precise, exact, followed by a notice of the sources from which he has drawn, suffice to lead the antiquarian, who is already well informed, to the monuments, and are an excellent guide for him who wishes to become acquainted with them. His notes,

which are few and succinct, but always well placed, and always instructive, contain in a few remarks, on the country of the disputed medals, all that can be expected from the most enlightened practice, and the most extensive experience in the science of Numismatology; in a word, it is the most complete repository of that science, and cannot be too earnestly recommended, to those who study it.

Art. VI. *C. M. Frœhnii Rostochiensis, de Academia imperialis Scientiarum Petropolitanae Museo numario Muslemico Prolusio prior*, &c., 53 pages in 4to.

Before undertaking the publication of the complete description of the Musselman medals, possessed by the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, Mr. Frœhn had intended to publish a *coup d'œil* of this rich collection, which was to be divided into two parts, and the first, *Prolusio prior*, subdivided into three portions. It is the first of these three subdivisions, *particula prima*, which we have now before us; and we should have deferred giving an account of it from the *Journal des Savans*, till the publication of the two remaining subdivisions of this first part, had not Mr. Frœhn mentioned at the conclusion of the part before us, that this preliminary labour would not be continued. The real motive which induced him to undertake it was, the fear that he should not be able to publish the complete description which had already cost him much time and labour. The nomination of Mr. Onwaroff to the office of President of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg, having raised his hopes and revived his courage, he has again engaged, under the auspices of that zealous patron of literature, especially of eastern literature, to put the public, as soon as possible, in possession of this great work, which will, without any doubt, leave far behind it, every thing of the kind that has hitherto been done.

Mr. Frœhn does not hesitate to assert, that the cabinet of the Imperial Academy infinitely surpasses all those, which various orientalists have hitherto made known; as well from the number of Musselman medals which it contains, as from the value, the rarity, and the historical and chronological results of a great number of these medals. Those known to him up to the time of publishing the present work, amount to 18,297, which seem not to be the whole of the collection. In this immense number, it may be supposed there are many duplicates; and Mr. Frœhn had already recognised 14,574; yet, notwithstanding this defalcation, his assertion remains entirely correct. Our author divides this collection into 15 classes, of which only the first four are discussed in this volume. The coins of the Caliphs of the race of the Omniades, are only eight in number, the oldest being of the year of the Hegira 95; nineteen years after Abdelmelik had introduced among the Musselmans the use of a particular coin.

The medals of the dynasty of the Samanides are very numerous in the collection of this academy, and in the cabinets of the north of Europe in general. Mr. Frœhn agrees with Mr. Adler, in attributing the

abundance of these medals, which have been already discovered, and are still discovered every day, on the coasts of Prussia, Pomerania, Sweden, &c. to the course which the trade with India had taken in the 10th century. The cabinet of the academy has a great number of silver coins of the Samanides (one alone is of gold, and there are none of bronze); they form an uninterrupted series from the year of the Hegira 281, (A. D. 894) to the year 319. Many of these medals give rise to serious historical and chronological difficulties. After stating some of these difficulties, Mr. de Sacy says, "there are, however, among the coins of the Samanides produced by Mr. Frœhn, some pieces of extreme rarity, or rather, hitherto unknown, which confirm certain facts mentioned by historians, with whose accounts they agree admirably."

A very interesting coin of Mahmood Yemineddaulat, successor of Sebecteghin, and author of the great power of the dynasty of the Gaznévides, terminates this work.

(To be continued.)

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### LITERARY FORGERIES.

Persons capable of fraud will not stickle at falsehood. Impositions, not of a very heinous nature, perhaps inconsiderately begun, must be carried through by graver offences.

In our No. 146, we animadverted upon the multitude of literary deceptions and forgeries, at present so much in fashion that the purchaser of books cannot discriminate between the genuine and the spurious, till he acquires knowledge by being swindled, to his cost, into the possession of a work which he does not mean to buy, instead of one which he wants. This, it seems, has excited the anger of the advertisers of the "Fourth Series of Tales of my Landlord, collected and arranged by Jedediah Cleishbolton," &c., so fiercely, that they have ventured to attack the *Literary Gazette* in their announced announcement. We give them credit for their boldness; it was not easy to make the business much worse than it was before, and three or four fresh lies could not much increase the shade of so dark a transaction. Conversant in such affairs, these persons have called our publication "a weekly *Literary Fraud*, notoriously got up to puff off the publications of a particular bookseller." We will leave it to our readers and the public to guess what bookseller this is; for upon our honours we have from time to time (such is the curse of strict impartiality) been charged with a predilection for several. We do not pretend to be ignorant of the individual to whom these calumnies allude; his name has, to this date, been openly upon our imprint; but we solemnly declare, that for once that we have been accused (by disappointed parties) of undue preference towards him, we have been twenty times told that we exercised a too severe judgment upon his publications, in order

• So originally advertized, though recently changed to the less direct imposture of simply "Tales of my Landlord."



to escape the suspicion of favour. And the whole of our past sheets, examined most rigidly, will prove, that neither in noticing a greater number of the volumes he has published, in the manner of reviewing them, nor in any other way, has that individual ever been treated more liberally than his contemporaries. That he never exercised, or endeavoured to exercise, any influence over the Literary Gazette, (during two years and several months it has been confided to its present Editor,) we most conscientiously aver: whatever its opinions have been, no man can say that the slightest of them was ever biased or bought. We therefore throw back with contempt the slander of this quotation. The Advertisers assert further, that we have prejudged the "Tales" which we have not seen. This is not true; we have not prejudged them: we have simply said, that we never yet saw a production of sterling genius ushered into the world under the banners of prevarication, imposition, and forgery. If those Tales bely our judgment, we shall be ready to confess that they are the first instance of real ability ever assuming so disgraceful a disguise for a debut; but the notion of a jewel's issuing from a toad's head has long been exploded. As for our "paltry circulation," which these honest gentlemen will not increase by further notice: as the adjective is not very intelligibly applicable, we cannot exactly tell how to answer the insinuation. If by "paltry," they wish to convey the idea of smallness of number, they, in common with every bookseller and news-vender in London, know that they are uttering a gross falsehood; if they rather use the word in its proper sense, for "worthless, despicable," their assertion is equally libellous; for, thanks to the public, the Literary Gazette is a property of considerable value, and every day rising in sale and estimation.

We may perhaps owe some apology for entering into a refutation of such glaring misrepresentations, and from such a source. But it is of consequence to a work like ours, to have it clearly understood that no party whatever, possessed or not possessed of shares giving pecuniary interest in it, has, or could imagine the possibility of dictating one sentiment in its literary direction. Indeed the respectability and honour of the proprietors concerned in it, precludes any imputation of the sort; and the Editor pledges himself and his Colleagues, that not one of them would ever write another line in it, were others so forgetful of what is not only right in general, but expedient from selfish motives, as to attempt such interference.

Finally, were they worth it, we would challenge these Advertisers to refute one iota of what we have here advanced, and upon the strict truth of which we are willing to rest every claim to the continuance of that public encouragement which has so amply rewarded our past exertions. But excepting this notice (lest silence might be misconstrued), we shall not trouble our readers with the tricks or slanders of such ingenuous persons. Perhaps they will persuade

the public to believe any thing they may chuse to assert, when they have made good their first credible story, that the author of *Tales of my Landlord*, quite tired of receiving several thousand pounds for each of his novels, and of employing respectable publishers, somewhat unaccountably resolved to smuggle one surreptitiously into the world, under the more agreeable auspices of deception, without pay; and, to crown the job, engage them to be its salesmen. This freak, "it is the conviction" of these honest men, and also "the opinion of others, from internal evidence," the author has chosen to indulge in—at least, so they have ventured to print, and authenticate by a signature:—let them beware of convictions of another kind.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

**INOCULATION FOR THE PLAGUE.**—Accounts from Tangiers, dated the 20th of August, state that a Spanish physician, named Don Serafino Sola, had obtained permission from his government to try the experiment of inoculating for the plague on some Spanish deserters. They were inoculated with virus expressed from the plague sore, mixed with an equal portion of the oil of olives. The pestiferous matter was taken from persons in whom the plague had assumed the utmost degree of malignity. Fourteen individuals were inoculated, each receiving twelve pricks of the lancet, in those parts of the body where the plague usually appears, and which were previously rubbed with oil of olives. Four other persons also received incisions on almost every part of the body, and the mixed virus was injected.

In seven of these individuals, no traces of the plague, either general or local, have yet appeared; the other seven experienced, between the fourth and tenth hour after inoculation, some slight attacks, purely local, namely, little sores were observable in particular parts of the body, in three of the patients; in the fourth a large carbuncle appeared; and the other three experienced slight symptoms and pains, arising from the incision. Three persons were placed in separate apartments, and, in proportion as the symptoms augmented, oil of olives was administered to them, both internally and externally. They have all been restored to health, some in the space of four and twenty hours, and the rest successively. At present all are perfectly recovered. It is to be hoped, for the benefit of humanity, that this kind of inoculation will prove as successful as that for the small pox.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### LETTER FROM ROME.

Rome, October, 1819. — In the year 1821, when all pecuniary obligations to foreign countries will be fulfilled, and the government able to attend to what is useful and beautiful, the court of Naples has determined to repair all the buildings in the

Roman territory, which the king inherits from the Farnese estates, and which have been much neglected. These buildings are in or near Rome: the Farnese Palaces, celebrated for the fresco paintings by Caracci, and the Farnesina, for those of Raphael, and some others; the Orti Farnesiani, on the site of the Palace of the Cæsars on Mount Palatine; the Villa Madaiana, on the side of Monte Mario, where the few remaining traces of the paintings of Raphael have suffered extremely; the Palace of Caprarola, some miles from Ronciglione,—it is considered as a masterpiece of Vignola in architecture, and contains the best works of the brothers Zuccheri. Among the singularities of this palace, which is much dilapidated, it may be mentioned, that the lower story belongs to the papal chamber, and the rest of the superstructure to the king of Naples. The architect Bianchi is entrusted with the repairs.

Count Blacas has had a severe loss: a part of his valuable library, paintings, and engravings, and several cameos of great value which he sent for from France to Rome, have been destroyed by fire, and partly by the sea, in the ships which conveyed them.

Mr. Turner, the English painter, has arrived here. It is said that he is as great in landscape painting as Sir Thomas Lawrence in portrait. The latter has left us. Mr. Turner is to paint the most striking views of Rome, for his royal highness the Prince Regent.

##### COLLECTION OF MINIATURES.

In several of our late Numbers, an advertisement has appeared, announcing the sale of a collection of miniatures, by Mr. Bullock, at the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly. Attracted, as we generally are, by any exhibition of fine art or virtue, we went to examine these pictures; and admirable, as, from the terms in which they were described, we supposed they might be, we were really unprepared to meet with so rare an assemblage of excellence. Having never before seen so superb a collection of works of this class, we may safely, we think, venture to say that it is perfectly unique;—that some of the particular specimens are so, we have no hesitation in declaring to be our decided opinion.

It would be difficult for us to convey an adequate idea of the beauty and merits of these performances, considered simply as masterpieces of several famous artists; and equally so of the interest which they excite as the portraits of many of the most distinguished persons in English history. We have here the representation of features that cannot be traced without the deepest emotion, whether we contemplate the hand that drew, or the countenance whose lineaments are so faithfully transferred to the minute imitation, or the scenes in which they moved so conspicuously. From the wonderful expression and character of some of the principal heads, it is evident that they are likenesses, even did the reputation of the painter fail to give assurance of a perfect resemblance; and we are thus enabled to indulge in the most agreeable reveries, suggested by the imagina-

tion, while we gaze upon faces, heretofore unknown to us, which seem so tell us more of the affairs of the periods to which they pertain than even the pages of the historian. This is singularly exemplified by a portrait of the Speaker Lenthall, by Cooper: it is the very spirit of the age personified; the perfect ideal of sly, cruel, and malignant puritanism.

But, to be more methodical with our critique:—There are nearly 200 portraits of distinguished persons, from the time of Henry VIII. to the present period, in this collection; the finest, and most numerous for one artist, are by Samuel Cooper, the glory of English miniature, and the first who ever imparted the richness of oil to the clearness of water-colour. Nothing can exceed the truth and effect of these delightful productions. In some the carnations are faded, but the heads retain all their original expression, fidelity to nature, force, and character. One of Henry Cromwell will contest the palm with any thing of the kind ever painted. Having seen these performances, we no longer wonder at the parallel drawn between our countryman and Vandyck by Horace Walpole. Portraits of General Monk, Lord Shaftesbury, Waller's Saccharissa, Inigo Jones, Cowley, and others (about forty in all), are extremely interesting, and all excellent, though of very various merits. Petitot and Zincke are also here conspicuous, and sustain their fame,—the former as the greatest master in enamel, and the latter as almost the only artist, preceding our own times, who could enter into any competition with him. There is an exquisite small enamel, but we do not know by whom it was executed. From the pencil of Vandyck, to whom our native school owes perhaps greater obligations than to all the other painters that ever existed, there are one or two specimens; but, with all their excellence, they are inferior to Cooper's, which were probably most of them copied from Vandyck's originals of the life size in oil. There are two ascribed to Titian, but we doubt their authenticity. Velasquez, Murillo, Zuccero, and other eminent names, grace the list. Liotard and Rosalba form a curious contrast;—the one all truth, but hard; the other all grace, but too flowing in outline. With Hans Holbein we are enabled to compare his imitator old Hilliard, the jeweller to Elizabeth, whose minuteness of costume renders his pieces so valuable, that we have now much more reason than Donne had to say,

..... A hand or eye  
By Hilliard drawn, is worth a history  
By a worse painter made.

Isaac Oliver, the first truly great English miniature painter; Peter his son, and almost his equal; Sir Antony More, their immediate predecessor; and their successors Lely, Kneller, Goupy, &c. &c. complete those whom we need notice of this brilliant series, in order to recommend a view of them to our readers who are fond of painting.

To enter into any thing like a disquisition would carry us too far; but we trust we have given a sufficient index to, and stimulus

to personal examination of a collection from which a selected biographical history, with engravings, would be one of the most captivating books that could be published.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### "MIDSUMMER MADNESS."

It was a day of June: the deep blue sky  
Had not a spot upon its beautiful breast:  
The meadows and the trees were newly drest.  
And boldly rose and met the proud Sun's eye,  
Seeming half-conscious of their fiery  
The summer winds were silent and oppress'd  
By sweetness, save when, here and there, a bough  
(As tho' it lov'd and sought to be caress'd,)  
Droop'd downwards from my lime-tree canopy,  
 wooing my notice. Here I pass'd the hours  
Of noon, and when some branch sway'd tow'rd  
my brow,  
I mimick'd the sweet courting of the flowers,  
Fancying the enamour'd spirit of the tree  
Shook her voluptuous kisses over me.

C.—L.

[By Correspondents.]

### THE FOUNTAIN:

By a Northamptonshire Rustic\*.

Sweet fountain, 'neath thy pendant boughs  
Cool may thy waters run,  
When flocks of sheep and herds of cows  
Seek shelter from the sun.  
Unheaded be thy willow ranks;  
Thy waters pure and clear;  
For her I met upon thy banks,  
Thou fountain, thou art dear.  
Still shingling o'er thy silty bed,  
In gurgling windings play,  
While musing on thy banks I tread,  
And bless that happy day  
When Mary milk'd her brindled cow,  
And sky-larks sang so clear;  
And for her sake that's absent now,  
Thou fountain, thou art dear.  
Her posy here I then did make,  
Speckt cowslips gilt with dew;  
She kept them for the gatherer's sake,  
And on thy banks they grew:  
The sigh so true, the kiss so free,  
All pass'd and witness'd here;  
And as my love is dear to me,  
Thou fountain, thou art dear.

\* So described by our anonymous correspondent, but too refinedly pastoral (we think) to be what "it seems."—ED.

### LINES,

Found near the Box-Office in Little Russell Street,  
and supposed to be meant for a Stage Manager.

Once, all about old Drury's fane was little,  
And all within accorded to a title:  
Now, changed the scene, do you the work complete,

GREAT-Russell make of LITTLE Russell Street.  
X.

[We have received a "Sonnet to Mr. R. Beale, on hearing some of his Compositions;" of which we think one verse may be sufficient.]

Music divine, by Heaven was sent on earth,  
To give to every noble feeling birth;  
And souls like thine, oh, Beale! were sent to move  
Each mortal soul to universal love.

[The following "Lines on Emily," however, have such peculiar charms, that we cannot resist our desire to insert them entire. If the writer proceeds, and succeeds, the publication of these verses may be held to form an epoch in English poetry.]

She was fair as the unsullied mountain snow,  
Untouch'd by winds that 'neath its summit blow;  
Her voice was as the soothing turtle dove's,  
Hushing the sorrows of her troubled love;  
Her smile, that of the artless charming maid,  
Who from fair virtue's path had never stray'd;  
She was sensible, polish'd, and modest to a charm;  
Nought in her mind or body was deform;  
Fairer than the lily, sweeter than the rose,  
Lovelier than either in their beauteous robes—  
Such was Emily, who for a father's crime,  
Suffer'd the scorn of many an ignoble mind,  
And sunk, alas! an early victim to the tomb—  
A kinder dwelling than her parent's home!

Oct. 1819.

T. J. G.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY,

### THE STORY OF LA BUSSIÈRE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—I have been so highly delighted with a tale in the "Evremondiana" (the posthumous works of St. Evremond) that I could not forbear translating it for the amusing columns of your journal. One particular inducement to the task has been the belief, that it has never yet appeared in the English tongue. I have avoided, as much as possible, a bare and literal construction, on the one hand; and, on the other, have been careful to keep as close to the writer's words and form of expression, as I conceived necessary to identification with the original. I must premise, that the narrative has truth for its basis; and that as the author has omitted to give a name to any other than his hero, I have taken the liberty to substitute the appellation *Amelie* and *de Beaumont* for the tiresome repetition of *la femme*, and *le mari*. I trust it will not be deemed unworthy a place in the Literary Gazette, not in regard to the translation, but for the sake of the original, which, for simplicity of diction, and ease of narration, is, and has long been considered, a master piece; and, I am, Sir, your very obedient servant PHILARCHOS.

La Bussière entertained the sincerest affection for a lovely young girl, who, in return, regarded him very dearly. Both were of wealthy and respectable families; and their attachment was, for a length of time, suffered to remain uninterfered, since their parents had respectively and mutually destined them for each other.

The fair Amelie accepted the invitation of one her friends to witness the celebration of her marriage; and among the company present at the ceremony, was a young man, who no sooner beheld than he became enamoured of the charms which rivetted the heart of La Bussière. De Beaumont was an only son, heir to immense riches, of a high family, and anxious to find a partner, with whom to share the luxuries to which his birth entitled him. Deeply struck, therefore, with the fa-



striking appearance and the gentle manners of Amelie, he hastened to his father to acquaint him with his discovery. "You have generously left to myself, dear father, (said he) the choice of a wife: I have now seen the only woman I can ever desire to call by that endearing appellation." He then disclosed the name of the object of his sudden passion.

His father was not unacquainted with the parent of Amelie, and he lost no time in proceeding to demand her of him for his son.

The proposition, in consequence of the advantages which interest would derive from the alliance, was received with alacrity; and the marriage articles were, before many days had elapsed, drawn up, and signed. Amelie, however, was ignorant of the fatal lot that awaited her, until these deadly instruments had been completed; and her feelings exceed the power of description, when her father apprized her of his altered wishes. An earthquake could not have excited emotions more violent and terrible, than did the words of her once-loved parent in her perturbed bosom. She attempted to speak, but her tongue refused its office; and her unwelcome visitor, perceiving the agitation he had occasioned, resigned her to thought without another syllable.

No sooner was she alone, than recovering a little from her paroxysm of despair, she wrote this fatal intelligence to La Bussière, who, as may be imagined, was instantly overwhelmed with grief. Her cruel father, on the following day, repeated his wish and his intention, and reminded her of her new engagement with greater earnestness: he urged what he conceived to be the most powerful reasons in support of his argument, dwelling more especially on the necessity of attending to the suggestions of interest, and of courting fortune—but without avail: she would not listen to him. Becoming infuriated at her determined constancy, which he denounced as obstinacy, he proceeded to threaten the use of means the most violent, if she did not assent to his proposal: so that, at length, seeing it utterly impossible to escape the sacrifice, she permitted herself to be dragged to the altar, a victim to paternal tyranny.

The marriage ceremony at an end, the bride was conducted to her new abode, where a magnificent fête was prepared in honour of the occasion; but, far from affording satisfaction to Amelie, it tended only to aggravate her wretchedness.

Happily, however, for her, she found in de Beaumont every requisite to form the gentleman. Possessed of an uncommon amenity of manners, and of a great sweetness of disposition, his chief study was to render his lovely partner happy, by anticipating some, and granting all her wishes. But love is notoriously unjust. Although she had too much sense to despise his tenderness, it became insupportable to her; and the utmost return she could make, was to conceal as far as she was able, the indifference of her heart. But the anxious eyes of an attentive husband cannot long be deceived: he plainly discerned the struggle, and was sensibly

touched by it. He nevertheless consoled himself with the reflection that it was a natural coldness, and not the result of a rival's influence; and continued his assiduities to please with the same ardour, anxiously hoping to excite in a short period of time, sentiments more favourable.

Precisely at this juncture, an intimate friend, who had quitted his regiment for the express purpose of congratulating de Beaumont on his marriage, told him casually that his wife had been attached to La Bussière, and that their parents were once on the eve of uniting them. Struck with this information, de Beaumont sought no longer the cause of Amelie's coldness. He wished to see his rival, and his friend pointed him out one evening at the theatre. For some months from this time, he watched her conduct very narrowly, without mentioning his unwelcome discovery. Nothing, however, could exceed its prudence and regularity: no intrigue, no levity, no suspicious visitors: herself ever within doors engaged in the household affairs; and though displaying no tenderness for her ill-fated partner, always treating him with respect: with pain he perceived that duty alone influenced her actions: he could not but admire her virtue, while he silently lamented his unhappy lot.

The summer was now at hand: and de Beaumont, to remove her as far as possible from La Bussière, prevailed upon his wife to pass a few months at his country seat. I have been negligent in omitting to observe, that Amelie had a natural taste for painting, and that landscape was her favourite study. After devoting to her domestic affairs the appointed hours, she withdrew to the top of the building, where a cabinet, surrounded by very extensive and charming prospects, had been fitted up for her; and passed frequently the whole afternoon, devoted to her pencil. The human heart cannot conceal entirely that which ever occupies it. Amelie completed nothing without introducing into the design the form of her lover. Here, as the lightsome mariner, or as the love-sick swain tending his snowy flocks; there as the meditating angler, carelessly poisoning the cruel bait: and as she little imagined that her husband knew the person of his rival, she allowed him to be a spectator of her performances. It is not to be thought remarkable, that grief should forcibly seize upon de Beaumont, when he saw the heart of his wife ever beating for another; but that which filled up the measure of his misery, was her placing these memorials of her sad fate by her bed-side, in order that the object of her affection might be the first to meet her sight on waking. Once, feigning a sound sleep, he had the mortification to hear her sigh frequently and deeply, as she looked at them one by one. Though so afflicting to the sensibility of her husband were these repeated proofs of her predilection, he never displayed the slightest resentment: on the contrary, redoubling his endeavour to please, he flattered himself that he should ultimately excite in her a reciprocal tenderness.

Year after year rolled on, without any change; nothing beyond respect appeared

on the part of Amelie. Daily brooding over his misfortunes, de Beaumont at length resolved on joining the army, which was then preparing for a campaign. He accordingly took leave of his wife; and as his love and esteem for her were undiminished, he from time to time wrote to her with all the ardour of a suitor, and exerted his utmost, to discern similar sentiments in her replies; but thinking he perceived a constraint in her correspondence, in a fit of despondency he determined to forget her; and rushing into the thickest of the enemy, received two dreadful wounds. Before the little strength that remained had deserted him, he took up a pen, and for the last time addressed her.

He began with expressing his sorrow at having placed her, by his union, in so melancholy a situation: protested, that, had he previously to his marriage been aware of her heart's engagement to another, he would not for the world have separated her from the man she yet appeared to idolize: he then told her he had seen with pain indescribable his rival represented under various forms in her drawings, and that he had been a thousand times ready to expire with chagrin, on finding these unwelcome tablets always in his sight: that he had heard her sigh for La Bussière, but that he had never ventured to expostulate, lest the knowledge that this fatal predilection was no secret to him, should have occasioned her still greater uneasiness. Moreover, he assured her, that he had disclosed his grief to no one, but had determined to deplore his misfortune in silence, never having entertained a wish to rouse her affection, but by increasing her happiness. He desired her to believe that he appreciated her virtue as it deserved; told her he had witnessed the fruitless violence she had used to her heart to incline it to him, and that his present illness proceeded from his wounds alone, and not from the sense of his misfortune. Finally, he said, he would not, in dying, beseech her to remember, but rather to forget him; being unwilling that any remorseful reflections should damp the joy which he hoped she might experience with La Bussière.

The manner in which this epistle operated on the mind of Amelie, is beyond the power of the pen to relate: suffice it to say, she was deeply affected, and her sorrow was complete when she saw her husband's lifeless body: she entreated to be buried with him, that, as she had never been able to bestow her heart upon him with all its affections, she might at least surrender to his memory the vital principle.

After passing many days in reproaching herself for her indifference, she thought to atone for it in some degree, by destroying indiscriminately the tablets which had so often distressed the affectionate de Beaumont: but, strange tyranny of love! however just this sacrifice appeared, a cutting regret seized her, as she consigned one by one these memorials of her former felicity to the flames: she proceeded yet more cautiously in the irksome task, and was enabled to perceive that her heart still throbbed for La Bussière.

The intelligence of de Beaumont's death

reached La Bussière in London. He did not fail to return to France, however, with all the speed of an anxious lover, though on his arrival at the residence of the widowed Amelie, he was refused admittance. She remained some months in this seclusion, and La Bussière, in the mean time, paid frequent visits to her father, by whom he was received with the greatest cordiality. Parental intercession, after a short period, gained an interview for the faithful suitor, and in a year or two, Amelie again became a bride.

Whatever satisfaction she derived from her altered state, it was with considerable difficulty that Amelie could erase from her memory the circumstances of de Beaumont's fate; and the recollection of her coldness to him would often break in upon her repose. La Bussière observed her melancholy, and would not suffer her to remain a moment by herself; and was at last enabled to dissipate her painful reflections. She gradually regained her cheerfulness, and love became once more triumphant.

It was in an hour of quiet happiness that Madame La Bussière disclosed to her husband the method by which she had cherished unimpaired her affection for him: she did not fail to relate the delight she experienced on opening her eyes, to see his beloved form before her, and in such a manner, that her rewarded partner felt his esteem for her virtues momentarily increase. But alas! their pleasures were not of any duration, as the reader will perceive, if he attend to the sequel of my narrative.

During the former marriage of Amelie, La Bussière had been engaged in a love affair with an English woman. There had occurred between them, as is the case with all who own the tender passion, a few jealous differences, and as many reconciliations. The fair one had sent him her portrait, and had addressed volumes of tender billets to him on various occasions; and all these La Bussière preserved, without bestowing a thought on the propriety of destroying them now that he had made another choice.

One day, quitting home in haste, he left the key in the door of his study. Amelie, without imagining that her curiosity would prove her bane, took advantage of the omission, and perceiving an escritoire open, could not refrain from prying into its contents. It so happened, that the first objects which met her eye, were the portrait and the letters: she took them out, read over and over the expressions of everlasting attachment contained in the numerous epistles, and became wretched in the extreme. Convinced, in an instant, that her husband's sentiments towards her were feigned, and that there existed another to whom he imparted all his thoughts, she fell into an absorption of mind truly pitiable. She would, however, make known her grief to none: and goaded herself still more by interpreting the anxiety which La Bussière displayed, to become acquainted with the ground of her uneasiness, into a pretext to hide the better from her his new engagement.

Never did she feel more forcibly than at this moment, or with stronger marks of an-

guish lament the loss of de Beaumont, whose virtues seemed to rise in accusation before her: she reproached herself a thousand times for her unkindness towards him, and redoubled her tears at the remembrance of her ingratitude. Above all, she repented of having so incautiously declared to La Bussière the invincible nature of her affection for him at a time when, had she obeyed the dictates of duty, she ought to have used every possible means to obliterate him from her heart.

Nature could not undergo a shock so violent without some terrible result; and she was attacked by a raging fever. But still she kept secret the cause of her illness. She persuaded herself she was betrayed, and either from chagrin, or lest he should be hurt to find his supposed infidelity unveiled, she scrupulously avoided giving even the most distant hint of her discovery to La Bussière.

Their hitherto happy union had been crowned with one child, a girl, now four years old. Amelie, finding the touch of death upon her, sent for the little innocent, and taking her by the hand, presented her to her husband, imploring him, at the same time, to cherish her as the last pledge of their mutual affection. La Bussière, struggling to speak, burst into an agony of tears, and was obliged to be dragged from the chamber of his dying wife: and he was not informed of his loss, until two days after she had expired.

So soon as this sad event had taken place, a niece of Amelie's, who had never quitted her bed-side throughout her illness, found the unfortunate miniature and letters behind the pillow of her aunt. She read them, and was easily able to divine the cause of all the woe. At first she thought of restoring them to La Bussière; but, on more mature deliberation, she resolved to place them secretly among his papers, lest the combination of unhappy circumstances should prove fatal to his peace.

La Bussière remained for a time inconsolable: and since every object about him, animate and inanimate, constantly brought to mind the wretchedness of the past, he has been induced, at the earnest entreaty of his father, to divert the channel of his thoughts by a sea-voyage. From what I have related, then, we may draw this moral, viz. that it is contrary to the very essence of our existence here, that man should be found long in a state of felicity.

"Who then will venture to declare  
That man's mistitled *Sorrow's* heir?  
But, brethren, let us not complain  
That heav'n's unjust, when we sustain  
Th' allotted term of care and pain.  
Our life in such a mould is cast,  
'Tis plain it is not made to last:  
'Tis but a state of trial here,  
To fit us for a purer sphere."

\* The concluding sentiment of St. Evremont is so completely in unison with the above lines, that I could not be angry with my memory for bringing them before me at the moment of my rendering the passage alluded to into English. They are from that ingenious work, "The Tour in search of the Picturesque;" a publication more valuable for its moral lessons than its title would lead one to imagine. *Philarchon.*

## THE DRAMA.

AT DRURY LANE Mr. Braham has resumed his station with great éclat. In *Guy Mannering*, on Saturday, he drew a bumper house; and was in excellent voice. "Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled," was sung thrice: nothing perhaps ever exceeded the musical talents it displays; but we could wish that the switch and petit-maitre action of Harry Bertram were not the accompaniments of so heroic a composition.

Considering the importance of the matter, it may be expedient to state, for the information of our country readers, that Mr. Braham's name appears on the bills, in letters every bit as big as Mr. Kean's! The indisposition of the latter performer has caused *Brutus* and other plays announced, to be altered or postponed; and on Tuesday and Wednesday brought Mr. Braham again before the public, in the *Devil's Bridge* and *Guy Mannering*. In both he produced great effect, and received universal testimonies of applause.

COVENT GARDEN.—This theatre has not been poor in attractions. *Richard* continues his reign during the allotted nights: perhaps it would be well if their order was changed; but it is the custom of the playhouses to give the same piece on the same nights in successive weeks, which we consider, with the exception of *Braham's Saturdays*, to be a bad practice, since, in this immense metropolis, there are multitudes who have invariably the same weekly holiday, and do not want to see invariably the same performance. On Tuesday the admirably performed comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*, restored our sterling original Liston to the stage in Tony Lumpkin. It was delightful to find him in high spirits, and one of the very best of Tonys. On Wednesday, *Her Fazio*, which, from too much magnificence and stage trick, they have never contrived to play easily, or, in another word, well, at this theatre, a very bizarre interlude was produced for the first time, called *Helpless Animals*. An innkeeper, going headlong against the opinion of the present day, which would wisely and kindly prefer the substitution of females for males in all stations for which they are fit, determines to discharge every woman from his house, and employ those "helpless animals" men only. A relation, turned out in consequence, returns in masculine attire, as a Yorkshire lad; and, by a few common-place adventures and equivoques, restores things to their former state. The piece is harmless, and will have its hour; but all its hours together will never make a day.

Miss Stephens is announced for Saturday (our publication day), and a petit, or little comedy, for Friday, which will be too late for our notice this week. We wish these matters would keep, were it only for a fortnight.

This theatre has prudently adopted lustrés, to throw their light on the dress and first-tier circles. We are a civilized people, and managers may depend upon it, that all the well-dressed ladies who visit them, do not



go solely to see the performances! But whether this were the case or not, the dingy back lamps at Covent Garden were neither useful nor ornamental, and the return to the old plan is, for once, an improvement. If they could contrive to light the stage itself, naturally, from above, it would surpass the whole of their other amendments.

## VARIETIES.

**THE INCORRIGIBLE POACHER.**—In a certain principality of Germany, where the game-laws are very severe, a dangerous poacher, who had been long pursued in vain, was at length taken. Before he was seized, he had contrived to hide his gun in a hollow tree. When interrogated he confessed every thing (except that he could not be brought to point out the place where he had concealed his gun); and was sentenced to several years imprisonment and hard labour. The years of his confinement passed away, and the day of his release arrived. His wife and children expected him from the morning early till late in the night, but in vain. At length he approached, armed as he had been when he parted from them before his arrest, threw a deer which he had killed at the feet of his terrified wife, and ordered her to dress it to celebrate his return. The first use he had made of his recovered liberty, had been to go to the distant forest to look for his gun; and his first action, a repetition of the crime for which he had just endured a long and rigorous imprisonment.

**ANTIQUITIES IN SILESIA.**—At Sohlaup near Neumarkt, four miles from Breslau, there has been discovered a heathen Tumulus, which is of considerable extent, and contains beautifully shaped vessels. These vessels, which may be about 1500 years old, are distinguished by their bright black colour, form, design, and perfect preservation. They greatly resemble the Etruscan. There is already a collection of them in the Town-house of Neumarkt.

M. Noel de la Morinière is about to proceed to Lapland, and from thence to Cape North, in the Icy Sea, at the expence of the French Government, in order to obtain information that may be useful to Sciences and the Arts.—*French papers.*

On the 2d of November, in the afternoon, a red or reddish-coloured rain fell at Blankenburgh and Dixnude, in Flanders. In the following night the same happened at Scheveningen.

Italy has this year witnessed a great assemblage of British talent. Of our Royal Academicians, Lawrence, Turner, Jackson, and Chantrey, have visited that 'lovely land'; and many younger artists of promise have also found their way to the fountain-head of inspiration. The three first-mentioned met together, we have heard, at Florence. Of our poets too, Italy at this moment possesses Byron and Moore: the latter has gone to see the former at Venice.

It has been a disputed point for a long while, whether the scenery at the Theatres was subject to a Duty or not, and the Excise took hold of the canvas: but the newspapers

inform us that the Board has decided in favour of the Boards, and left the managers in possession of their property untaxed.

**CRACKED BELLS RESTORED.**—M. Barigazzi of Verona, has resolved a singular problem. He has discovered the art of restoring to cracked bells their original sound without refounding.

M. Girard, chief engineer of the bridges and highways, and a member of the French Institute, has been commissioned to visit London, and make himself perfectly master of our gas-light manufactories, so that he may be competent to direct the establishment of a similar system, generally, in Paris. He will also superintend the distribution of water-pipes throughout the houses of the French capital, as in that of England.

**Imperial Present.**—His Royal Highness the Prince Regent has received from the Emperor of Russia, a very curious four-wheel summer carriage called a Droschki: it consists of a front and a side seat, contrived in a new but very commodious manner for two persons, and possesses the moveable axles, so generally adopted on the Continent.

From the report presented by Dr. Marc, to the Parisian council of health, it appears, that since the 1st of January last, one hundred and thirty-two bodies have been dragged out of the Seine. Of this number, there were only forty-three individuals, to whom the application of remedies could be of any avail; and of these, thirty, (23 suicides and 7 accidental sufferers) have been restored to life.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

*Contents of the Journal des Savans for Oct. 1819.*

Sir W. Ousely's Travels in various countries of the East.—Reviewed by Silvestre de Sacy.

M. Raynouard, Choix de Poésies originales des troubadours.—Dannou.

Laromiguière Leçons de Philosophie.—Cousin.

J. B. Deperthes, Théorie du Paysage.—Quatremère de Quincy.

A. Duprè Voyage en Perse.—Abel Remusat.

Abel Remusat, Note sur quelques épithètes descriptives de Bouddha.

The celebrated novel-writer Ducray Dumnil died lately at Ville Davray, near Saint-Cloud, where he had for a long time lived in retirement. He was 58 years of age.

At the last extraordinary sitting of the French Academy, M. Le Montey read the 12th chapter of his Critical History of France since the death of Louis XIV, entitled, *La Peste de Provence*; and the Marquess de Lalli-Tollendal read his poetic translation of the scene between Iago and Othello, from Shakespeare's Othello.

To the works we have lately specified as being about to appear on the subject of African travels, we have to add, that a narrative of a journey in that quarter will shortly be published at Genoa. It is by Dr. Paul della Cella, who, in 1817, travelled with a small army of the Pashaw of Tripoli, through Pen-

tapolis, Cyrensiue, and other countries inaccessible to solitary travellers.

Accounts are said to have been received of the expedition, consisting of the *Hecla* and *Griper*, which had proceeded as far as Captain Ross was able to penetrate. In Baffin's Bay they had fallen in with an immense mass of ice, which appeared to be formed upon a solid rock in the bay. The sea on the northern side of this huge mass presented the aspect of a lake perfectly free from ice. Such of the native inhabitants of those regions as they had met, did not appear to have seen or heard of the former expedition under Captain Ross. It seemed to be the opinion of the voyagers, that there is no passage out of Baffin's Bay.

"The *Monastery*, by the author of *Waterley*, it is said, will speedily make its appearance in Paternoster Row."—*Blackwood's Magazine*. This, we have reason to believe, is a genuine production by the renowned incognito. We presume it will come to hand on the heels of *Ivanhoe*.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

NOVEMBER, 1819.

Thursday, 11 — Thermometer from 41 to 52.  
Barometer from 29, 77 to 29, 96.

Wind N.E. 2. — Cloudy.  
Rain fallen, .01 of an inch.

Friday, 12 — Thermometer from 34 to 46.  
Barometer from 30, 16 to 30, 11.

Wind N.E. 3. — Cloudy: a little sunshine at times in the morning.

Saturday, 13 — Thermometer from 36 to 47.  
Barometer from 30, 01 to 29, 98.

Wind N. b. E. 2. — Cloudy.

Sunday, 14 — Thermometer from 36 to 46.  
Barometer from 29, 99 to 29, 98.

Wind N. b. W. 4. — Cloudy.  
Rain fallen, .025 of an inch.

Monday, 15 — Thermometer from 37 to 48.  
Barometer from 29, 99, to 29, 83.

Wind W. b. N. and S.W. 4. — Cloudy: Rain most of the evening.

Tuesday, 16 — Thermometer from 38 to 48.  
Barometer from 29, 74 to 29, 66.

Wind N.W. and N. 4. — Generally raining.  
Rain fallen, .375 of an inch.

Wednesday, 17 — Thermometer from 35 to 45.  
Barometer from 29, 60 to 30, 10.

Wind N. b. E. 1. — Cloudy.  
Rain fallen, 4 of an inch.

The Spots of the Sun are worthy of attention, being numerous and large.

Lat. 51. 37. 32. N.

Long. 0. 3. 51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Sludge meeting" is not worth any staves, but those of the constables.

We beg particularly to decline being private to any love affairs: it is really strange that so many young gentlemen, and young ladies too, persist in declaring their passions in very indifferent poetry, and beseeching us to be the medium of transmission. To our Ophelias we say, in the words of Hamlet, "No more on't!"; and to our Romeos, swear that the *Literary Gazette* will not assist them so much as a single stanza.

### Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

#### Mr. West's Exhibition.

THE great Picture of DEATH on the PALE HORSE, Christ Rejected, St. Peter's First Sermon, the Brazen Serpent, St. Paul and Barnabas turning to the Gentiles, with several Pictures and Sketches on Scriptural Subjects, are now Exhibiting under the immediate Patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, at No. 125, Pall Mall, near Carlton House, every day, from ten till five. C. SMART, Secretary.

#### Tales of My Landlord.

THE Public are respectfully informed, that the work announced for publication under the title of "Tales of My Landlord, Fourth Series, containing Postscript Castle," is not written by the author of the First, Second, and Third Series of Tales of My Landlord, of which we are the proprietors and publishers. A. CONSTABLE & Co. Edinburgh, Nov. 1819.

#### BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Just published, in one volume 4to, with Plates, price 18s. 6d. the Second Edition of

**A COMPENDIUM of the THEORY AND PRACTICE of DRAWING and PAINTING,** illustrated by the technical terms in art: with practical observations on the essential lines, and the forms connected with them. Adapted to the earliest state of instruction, for the use of schools, or private tuition.

To which is added, the practice of the pencil, chalk, tinted, and water-coloured drawings. By R. Dagley, author of Select Gems from the Antique. London: printed for Pincock and Maundrell, 267, Strand.

The Author of the above Compendium gives lessons on the theory and practice of drawing and painting, explaining by examples the terms in art: showing also the use of the model with reference to objects of still life, landscape, and the human form.

This plan is principally useful to those, who wish to commence the study of drawing from nature.

Particulars may be known by addressing a letter to Mr. Dagley, 17, Harle Court Terrace, Old Brompton.

#### Don Juan, In octavo, 2s. 6d.

**DON JUAN, CANTOS I. and II.** Printed for Thomas Davison, White Friars, London, and sold by the Booksellers in Town and Country.

#### Madame de Genlis' last Work. In 2 vols. 12mo, price 8s.

**PETRARQUE ET LAURE.** Par Madame La Comtesse De Genlis. London: printed for Henry Colburn, & Co. British and Foreign Public Library, Conduit Street.

#### Delphin and Variorum Classics.

**NOS. IX. and X. of the DELPHIN and VARIORUM CLASSICS:** containing Virgil, and part of Cæsar, with an engraving, by Cooper.

N.B. The price to subscribers is 21s. each part. Large paper double. The prices will be hereafter raised. Fifteen months are allowed, from the 6th of February, to persons now abroad, to subscribe at the original price. Subscribers always remain at the price at which they originally enter; and may exchange small for large Paper by paying double that price.

Names to be received by Mr. A. J. Valpy, the Editor and Printer, Took's-court, Chancery-lane, London. PROSPECTUS.

The best text will be used, and not the Delphin. The Delphin Notes, the Ordo, and the Various Readings, will be placed under the text: besides which, the notes in the best Variorum edition will be printed at the end of each author.

The best indices will be adopted, and carefully collated with the text, to remove the present numerous faults in the references. The reference will be to the book and

Chapter, and not to the page, by which means the same Index will apply to all other editions. The Literaria Notices from the Bipont editions, continued to the present time, will be added to each author.—Thus will be incorporated, as it were, the Delphin, Bipont, and the Variorum editions.

A finely engraved head will be given of such authors as can be procured from authentic sources.—The maps will be beautifully executed, and various illustrative wood-cuts will be inserted.

The whole will be printed uniformly in octavo, and will make about 120 to 130 parts. Each part will contain 672 pages; and twelve parts will be printed in the year. Each part to be paid for on delivery. As only a certain number of copies will be printed, the work cannot be had in separate parts or authors. Total present subscription 44s. large and small. Titles will be given at the end of each author, which can then be bound in as many volumes as each subscriber may desire.

Just published,

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Important Works, to be published in November and December, by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London.

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